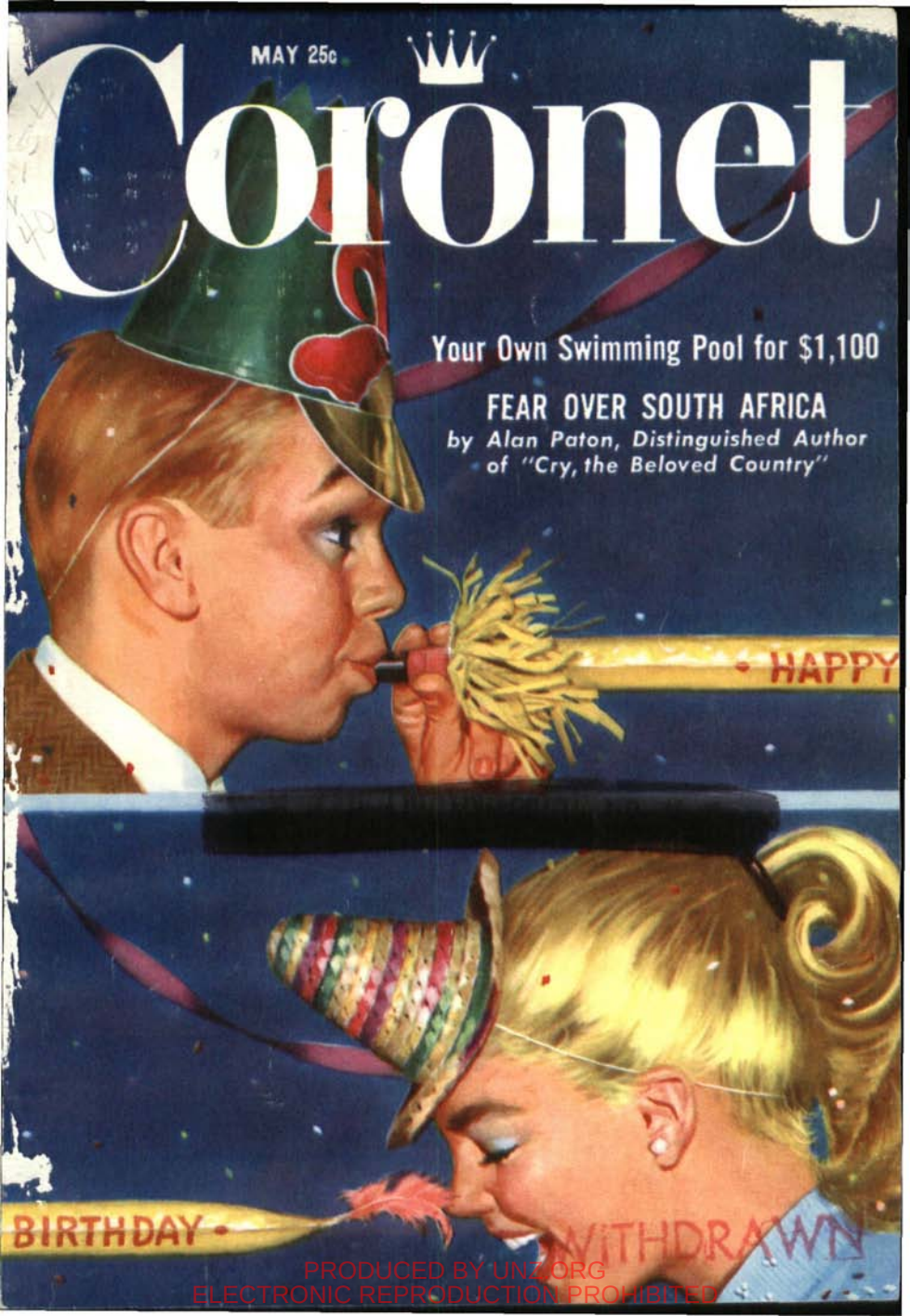

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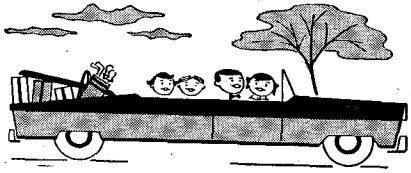

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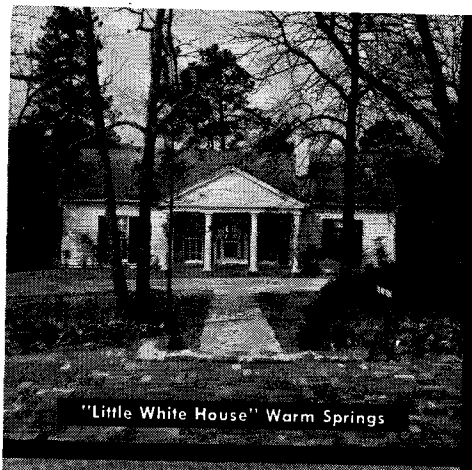
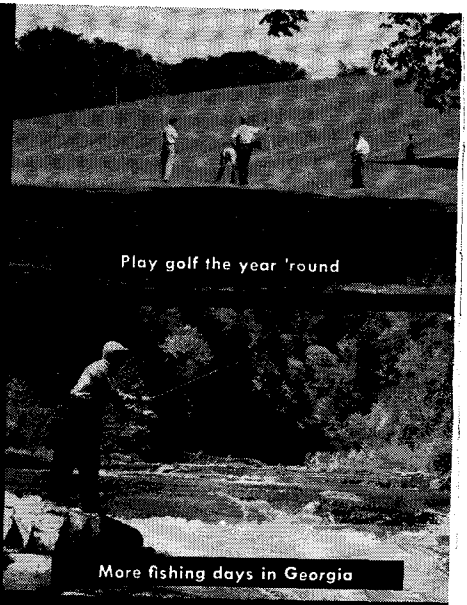


"Little White House" Warm Springs



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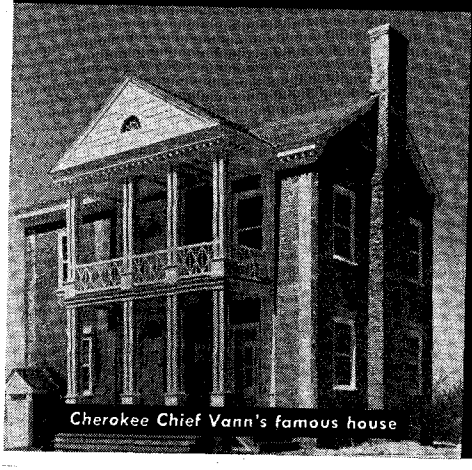

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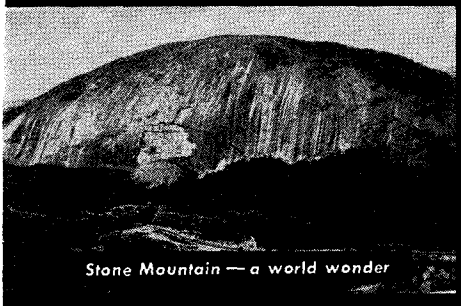
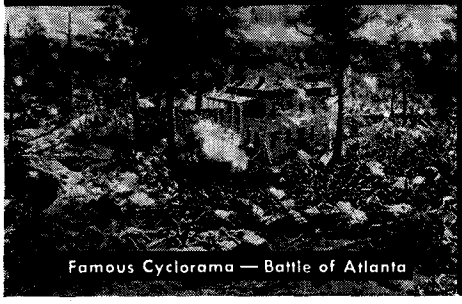


Stone Mountain — a world wonder



Famous Cyclorama — Battle of Atlanta

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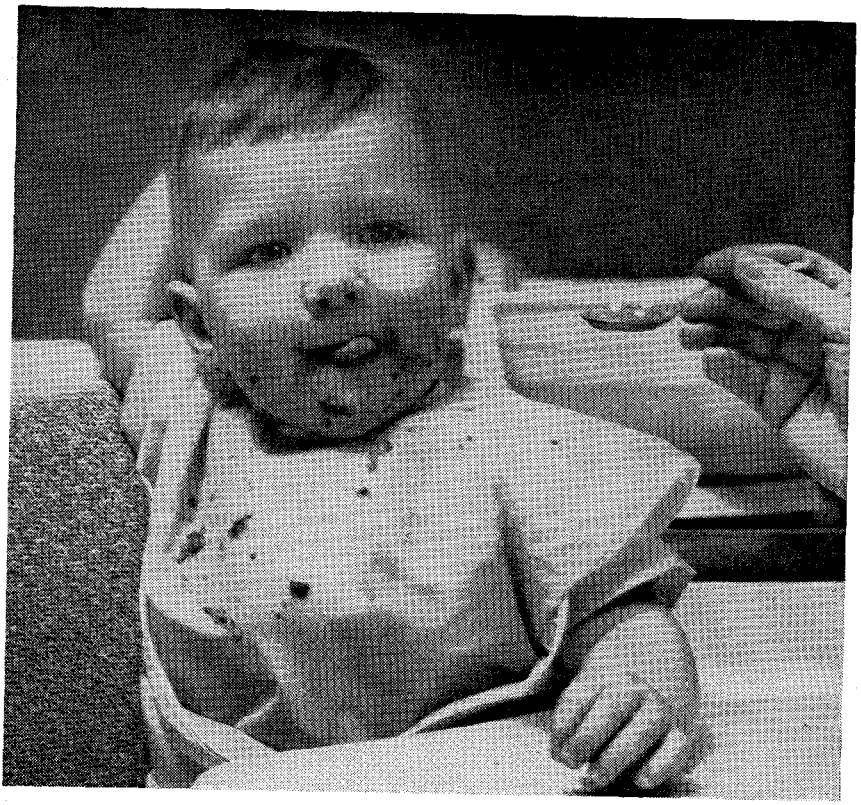

Picture of a man who owns the Electric Companies

Year-old Alexander Maier of Dayton, Ohio, is one of the newest of the 94 million owners of America's electric light and power companies.

Alexander's father has bought his son seven shares of stock in the Dayton Power and Light Company as a first-year birthday present. This makes young Alexander one of about 4 million *direct* owners who hold securities of the electric companies.

Alexander's *grandfather* just opened a savings account in the youngster's name. This makes him one of the more than 90 million Americans who are *indirect* owners through their bank savings, insurance premiums or pension funds.

Some people would have the federal government take over all of the power companies. But isn't there a real danger in a single federal power monopoly—rather than in 400 independent electric power companies owned by more than 94 million people? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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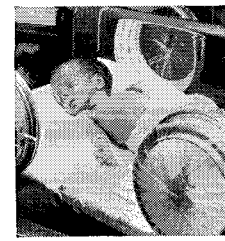
Dear Reader:

Author Witherspoon in ward

One of the most frequent questions posed to us—and one of the easiest to answer—is, "What kind of articles are most popular?" The reply can be summed up in a few words: those about people. People are invariably and profoundly interested in other people. The reason is probably one for psychiatrists or philosophers to delve into, but whatever it may be, the common denominator is life itself—the wonder and mystery of living. Something of this, we think, explains the enormous appeal of Katheryn Witherspoon's "The Precious Life of a Preemie," illustrated by Zinn Arthur's sensitive photography, (page 27). We recommend it as a moving account of what happens when a baby arrives before its time—and man marshalls every skill at his command to take over nature's infinitely delicate task.

Miss Witherspoon, a former Nashville and Miami newspaperwoman now with the New York Heart Association, was until recently Director of Public Information of New York Medical College, Flower-Fifth Avenue Hospital. One of her first press stories dealt with a premature baby weighing only a pound and a half. She became fascinated. "This was a perfect, beautifully formed little girl, as dainty and fragile as a piece of Dresden china," she recalls. "Despite everything that could be done, the baby died. I was haunted in my sleep for weeks afterwards. Such a tiny thing, no bigger than a doll, fighting so hard to live. . . ." She determined, then, that some day she would write the story of the drama played out time and again in the preemie ward, and pay tribute to those who struggled so desperately to save a tiny human being given the awesome gift of life too soon.



"The awesome gift of life"

The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

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College Beauty Queens use new Solitair

to glorify... soften vitalize their complexions

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY
Julia Padanyi-Gulyas, Military Ball Queen, says *"Solitair for me—it's the only make-up I need except lipstick."*

Discover, like lovely college girls from coast to coast, the instant beauty Solitair brings to your skin—the translucent glow... the dewy tint... the youthful freshness! It's so easy, so quick to smooth on Solitair with a moist sponge. Suddenly—and for *hours* afterward—your complexion is radiant, fresh-looking... tired lines seem to have disappeared.

Solitair, containing the remarkable new skin discovery, Vita-Lite, is *more* than a make-up. As you use it day by day, you'll see your skin grow lovelier... become clearer, smoother, fresher.

How lovely can you look? Get Campana's new Solitair... and *see!* At cosmetic counters.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY
Sally Marie Tull, Sweetheart of T.C.U., says *"I like Solitair because I feel and look fresh for hours and hours."*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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New 15-Minute Treatment That

rinses away blackheads

by Claire Hoffman

A LEADING New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw flabby, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade . . . After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment as a remarkable and important beauty discovery.

ANYONE CAN USE IT. The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed *whipped* cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissued off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your washcloth. And your skin feels clean—really clean—and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

PORE SPONGING AND CLOSING. The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent—facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores and leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT. Even after a single treatment,

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women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer—feels fresher and more *alive!*

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

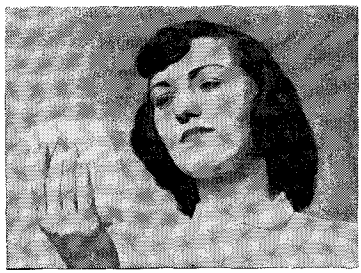
The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream, Queen Helene Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent.* The three items are sold as complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self-esteem!

BEAUTY EDITORS' COMMENTS

"When a skin specialist is responsible for a cosmetic line from his private formulas you have something."—Antoinette Donnelly, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

"A royal blessing for those who have been bothered and blighted by blackheads." Ruth Mugglebee, BOSTON DAILY RECORD

See Blackheads "Wipe Off" on Your Washcloth!



1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream.* This softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film.

2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque.* As it hardens its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.

3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off with lukewarm water. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent* to close emptied pores, tone up your complexion, and protect against dirt and bacteria.

Results Are Guaranteed

Examine your face before and after treatment. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed *or your money will be refunded.* © *1956; Para Labs*

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Rx for Stardom: enthusiasm and energy . . .

Bundle of Ginger

MITZI GAYNOR

GEORGE GOBEL, TV funnyman, makes his movie debut—as producer and actor—in *The Birds and the Bees* (Paramount) this month. This re-make of a 1939 laugh hit, *The Lady Eve,* is sure to win new friends for "Lonesome George"—and especially for his leading lady, Mitzi Gaynor. Her pepper-hot bounce serves as perfect counterpoint for his laconic humor.

Mitzi has yearned for this role since she was eight ("I saw every showing at the neighborhood theatre. How I envied Barbara Stanwyck!"). She sings, dances and spoofs merrily ("I even impersonate a French countess—almost a dual role").

This five-foot-six package of personality is a hot Hollywood property today. Like Debbie Reynolds and Shirley MacLaine, Mitzi vibrates with a springtime sexiness, combining a button-cute innocence with clear-complexioned healthiness.

"I haven't pulled a boner in a year and a half," Mitzi grins, knocking wood. Her sure shots include marriage to handsome Jack Bean, industrial public relations man; her decision to free-lance, and a top role in *Anything Goes,* opposite Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor.

Hollywood knows Mitzi as an uninhibited clown and a devastating mimic, with nicknames, a sly wink and a dazzling smile for everyone. Starting life in Chicago September 4, 1931, as the only daughter of Hungarian-Viennese parents, Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Chenzy von Gerber worked hard for her success. She began dancing at 4, lied about her age at 14 to join the ballet corps of the L. A. Light Opera, and sparkled into featured roles. Fox changed her name and signed her for a Betty Grable picture; her vivacity stole every scene.

But the studio rushed her to stardom in *Golden Girl* and *The I Don't Care Girl* ("Both flops; my fans wouldn't fill three rows then"). She marked time in small parts until *There's No Business Like Show Business* and *Anything Goes* teamed her with Donald O'Connor. Recognizing a young Rogers-Astaire combination, two studios are looking for more musicals for them. Mitzi's recipe for success: "If I have fun, I think the customers will, too."

(Additional Movie News on page 12)

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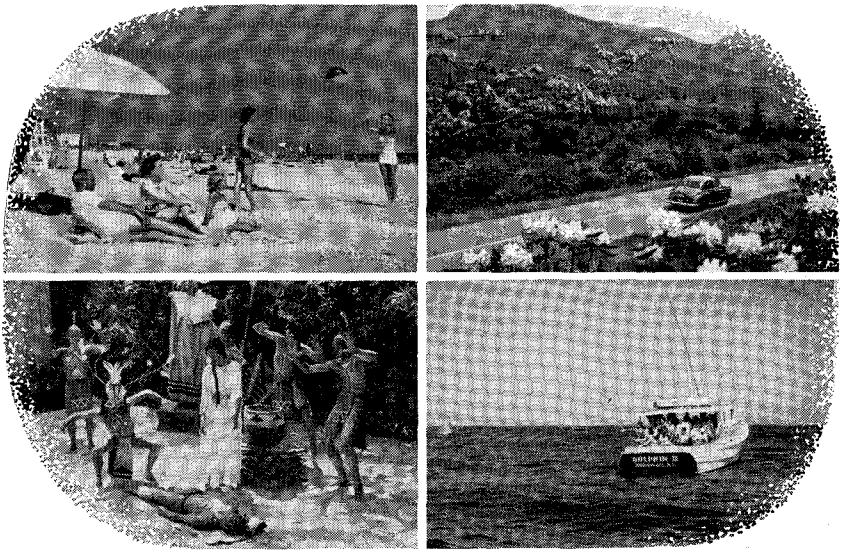
NORTH CAROLINA

VARIETY VACATIONLAND



In scenic North Carolina's Variety Vacationland you can enjoy the fabulous Blue Ridge Parkway, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and other mountain attractions . . . miles of beaches on the Atlantic Coast, with excellent ocean fishing and America's only National Seashore Park . . . major outdoor dramas . . . historical landmarks . . . all reached by good roads and served by popular-priced accommodations.

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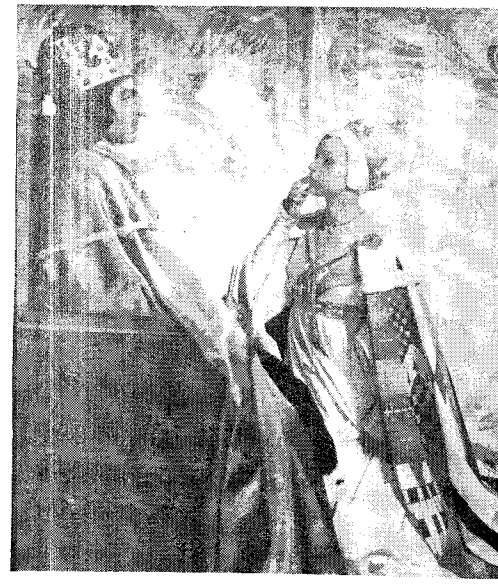

RICHARD III *(Lopert)*, brilliantly staged by Laurence *(Hamlet, Henry V)* Olivier, throbs with excitement, visual and cerebral. A superb cast—headed by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Claire Bloom—illuminates Shakespeare's dark tale of the deformed schemer who carved a bloody path to kingdom.

THE HARDER THEY FALL *(Columbia)* probes behind a different kind of throne—the boxing championship—and, as in Richard III, rakes up a lot of dirt. Budd *(On the Waterfront)* Schulberg's story exposes the backroom dives-for-dollars deals. Humphrey Bogart *(above)*, Rod Steiger and Jan Sterling give it angry sting.

THE SWAN *(MGM)* centers around another regal realm—Hungary in 1910. Ferenc Molnar's romantic comedy gives Grace Kelly *(above)* a brush-up course in royal intrigue. Her family plots to snare an eligible prince (smartly played by Alec Guinness). The trouble with Grace: her fencing tutor. —MARK NICHOLS

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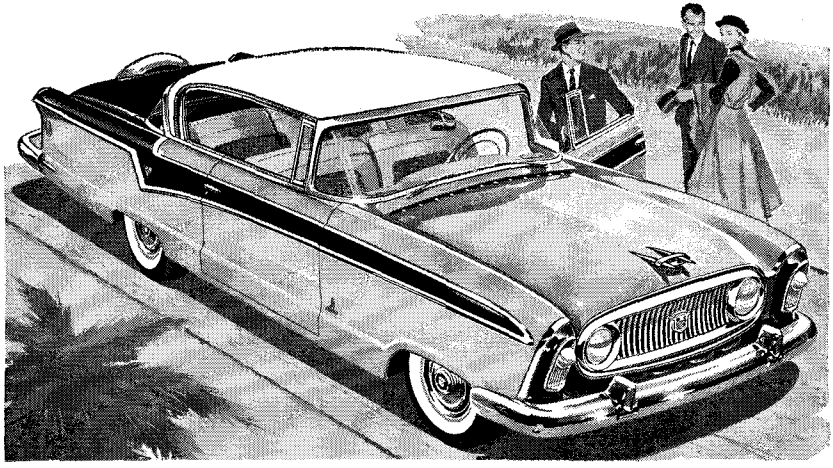

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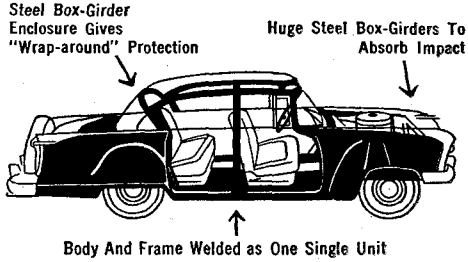
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YOU

What makes you cry at "happy endings," fight over food and react to a kiss? Here's what the experts say:

REVERSE PAGLIACCI? The old idea that you can pull a switch on Pagliacci and laugh—or at least smile—on the inside while you are crying on the outside is debunked by Dr. Sandor Feldman. He says a mother cries at her daughter's wedding not with joy but with sadness at the thought of her little bird's leaving the nest to face the hostile world. We sob at a movie's "happy ending" not from gladness, continues kill-tears-of-joy Feldman, but because the outcome reminds us of happiness denied in our own past.

MOOD A LA MODE: Instead of complaining when their husbands won't take them out to eat, wives should be thankful their men want to stay at home, says food expert Harriet B. Moore. For this is a sure sign that dad not only loves mom's cooking, but loves mom. On the other hand, when dad would rather eat out and the kids refuse food the chances are they are miffed with mother. Mom, too, can get her moods mixed with her menus and use food as a weapon. She "punishes" the family with liver, spinach and starch puddings when she is displeased. When she is happy—or wants to win friends and influence people—she serves up steak, chocolate milk, fruit salad and ice cream.

ROCK 'N' ROLL KISSES: Girls have good reason to hear bells ringing and see lights flashing when they are solidly bussed, a biochemist suggests. He indicates that a little bit of osculation can go a long way. First, it prods the pituitary gland which in turn excites the other glands, boosting the blood pressure, breaking down the white corpuscles, speeding up the heart, opening the pores, and thus mobilizing the body for action. You take it from there.

(Continued on page 16)

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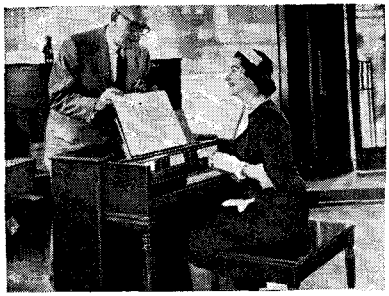
You can't believe it!

You'd heard about people playing this Hammond Chord Organ in half an hour . . . without knowing music. You had never believed a word of it; but you're in the store one day . . .

So you try it . . .

One finger of your right hand plays the melody. (You can't read notes, so you follow Picture Music.) Then, one finger of your left hand presses a button to add a rich chord.

You're convinced... in half an hour, you can play the versatile **Hammond Chord Organ**

Your first efforts amaze you. And then as you progress, you'll discover the marvelous range of tones in the Hammond Chord Organ.

Deep, church tones . . . beautiful orchestra effects, new percussion tones, too, like harp, guitar, marimba. Try it, for fun, at your Hammond dealer's. Or mail coupon.

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YOU

I.Q., stammering, and waddling women

(Continued from page 14)

IDLE GENIUS: The familiar initials, I.Q., might well stand for "Idleness Quotient" according to educational authorities who found that the smarter the child, the more time he wastes and the more trouble he can get into at school. Children with an I.Q. of 140 waste half their time, says one doctor; and those with a rating of 180 waste practically all their time. Reason: most public schools geared to the average or below-average child, fail to challenge the smarter pupils, causing them to become restless, bored, and often the victims of undeserved punishments.

STAMMERER'S HOPE: Stammering, a condition affecting some 1,500,000 Americans, may be more a matter of hearing than of speaking according to tests conducted by Dr. E. Colin Cherry, a London electrical engineer. Twenty-five stammerers read aloud while temporarily deafened by noise from earphones. The patients read almost perfectly with the exception of one individual who was used to working in noisy surroundings. Explanation: when stammerers can't hear their own voices, they don't stammer. Since blocking the ears alone won't work—the voice can still be heard through the bones of the skull—a technique called "shadowing" was used. The patients repeated texts read rapidly and without pause by therapists. They could hear the reader's voice, but not their own and, as a result, were able to speak without stammering. In five severe cases studied, striking improvement came in two to four weeks.

BABIES & BASEBALL: Physiologists have figured out that girls can't throw a baseball well because their shoulders, built for carrying babies during pregnancy, are too rounded. This makes it hard for them to throw overhand; and they have to throw either underhand or push the ball from their elbow with the familiar discouraging results. Girls can't run very well either. In fact a man might say they waddle. The excuse: most girls are knock-kneed—a condition they won't admit and the scientists can't explain.

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

A YOUNG MAN who had recently inherited money, appeared on the golf course complete with new clothes, golf bag and set of expensive clubs. After engaging a caddie, he stepped to the first tee and proceeded to send the ball well into the rough.

"Which club will you take now?" asked the caddie.

Surveying the situation for a moment, the player said, "The $12.50 one, please." —FRANCES RODMAN

A WASHINGTON bureaucrat parked his car in a lot whose sign read: "All Day Parking—35c"

At lunch time, the bureaucrat asked the boy at the gate if he could drive his car away to lunch, bring it back after an hour and not pay a second time.

The attendant's reply was typically Washington. "Sir, each car that comes in has to pay 35c, and don't argue with me. I'm not on the policy-making level."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

RADER WINGET of the AP was on a bus one morning listening to two old ladies behind him. Opined one to the other: "I don't see why young girls don't have more babies, what with all the gorgeous maternity clothes you can get nowadays."

—JOSEPH KASELOW, *New York Herald Tribune*

TWO MEN were discussing the romance of a young neighborhood couple. "What do you think of their getting married?" one asked.

"It's all right, I guess," the other said, "but it's too bad they aren't good enough for each other."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well," was the reply, "I've been talking to both families."

—*The International Teamster*

A YOUNG WOMAN visiting New York was shopping in a bargain basement. As she reached for an item, a rather heavily built woman almost pushed her off her feet.

"Pardon me," said the young lady. "I seem to be crowding you."

The aggressive one shrugged. "If you've got so much courtesy, why don't you shop at Saks, Fifth Avenue?" —HY GARDNER, *New York Herald Tribune*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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the girdle with a following!

Fashion smart

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No wonder Skippies is the most popular girdle in America. For wonderful Skippies whistle-slims you into pretty, modern lines so *comfortably* you'll hardly know you have anything on at all. Try a new Skippies today.

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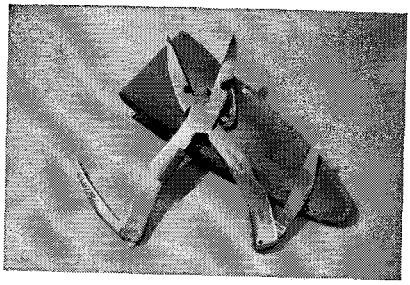
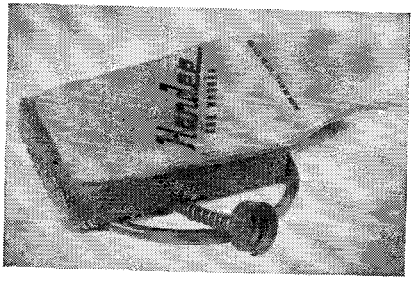
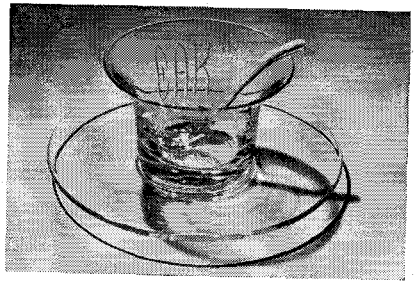


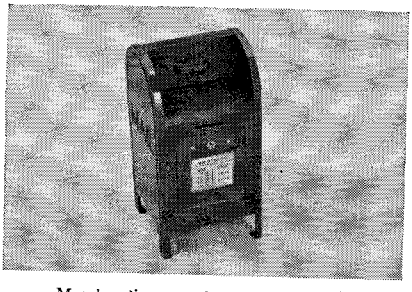
FISHERMAN'S FRIEND *is* many tools in one. Has fine tip for attaching flies or hooks to line, fish hook degorger, gripper, leader cutter, shot splitter, scorer, jackknife, hone, fish scaler, bottle opener and screwdriver. With leather case. $5.95 pp. Thoresen's, Dept. FF, 352 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



CAR WASHING MITT has 26″ rubber tube which connects to garden hose. Handee provides a steady stream of water to car surfaces through sponge. Rubber mitt attached to sponge is fabric lined. Helpful for washing windows. $2.29 pp. New Ideas & Products, Box 20 COR, Naperville, Illinois.



SAUCEY is a wonderful gift to give or receive. Use for serving mayonnaise, sauce and jams. Crystal set is monogrammed with three initials. Plate is grooved to hold boat. For monogram, give full name and underline last. $5.95. Eunice Novelties, Dept. CO, Box 41T, Rego Park 74, N. Y.



TEACH kiddies to be thrifty with this mailbox savings bank. Hours of collection are a reminder to save. Parcel door opens for bills. Letter slot takes coins. Red, blue and Post Office green. All steel. Comes with key. 9″ x 4½″. $2.00 pp. Brumberger, Dept. CO, 34-34th St., Brooklyn 32, N. Y.

(Continued on page 22)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

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***1. Antiseptic* (Protective, germicidal)**
Safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

***2. Deodorant* (Protection from odor)**
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

***3. Convenient* (So easy to use)**
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. Greaseless . . . keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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FREE *informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. C-65
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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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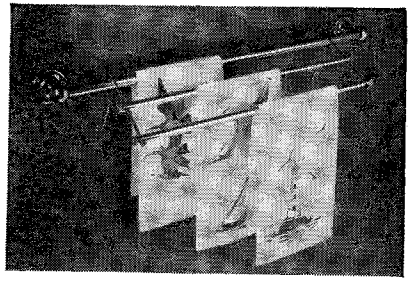
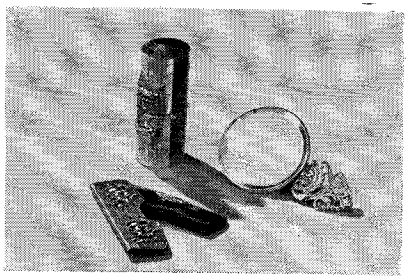
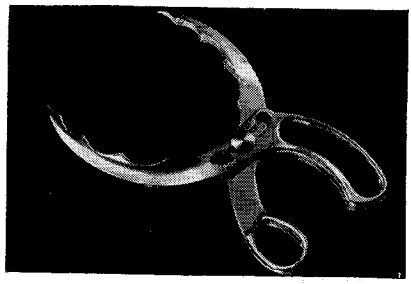


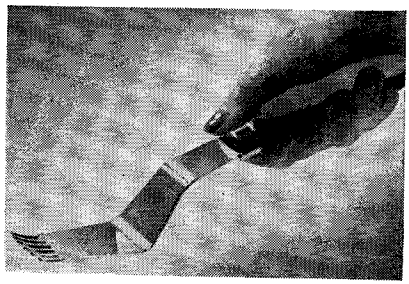
EXPAND your towel space with this annex bar. Hooks over present rack to increase its capacity up to 50". Gives extra hanging room for guest towels. Gleaming chrome-plated brass. Rubber tips on ends prevent wall scratches. $4.25 pp. Lewis & Conger, 45th St. & 6th Avenue, N. Y. 36, N. Y.



THESE LUXURIOUS handbag accessories will delight any woman. Danish silver plate, embossed with medieval scenes of merrymaking. Mirror $2.75 pp., 4" comb case (with comb) $2.95 pp., cigarette barrel which holds up to ten, $5.50 pp. Edith Chapman, Dept. C, 260 Main St., Nyack, N. Y.



ROAST RESSLER holds meat securely on plate while carving. Also helpful in turning grilled foods and reaching into boiling water or hot fats. This handy utensil adjusts to three widths. Has spacious hand grip. Polished aluminum. $5.95 pp. Berkshire Farms, 860 Scarsdale Ave., Scarsdale, N. Y.



CRAB JACK quickly and easily helps rid lawns of unsightly and damaging weeds. Teeth are inserted under crown and your downward pressure lifts out weeds. Excellent for crabgrass, buckhorn, plantin and others. Rust resistant tempered steel. $1.00 pp. Downs & Co., Dept. C. J., Evanston, Illinois.

(Continued on page 24)

A new School and College Directory: As an additional service to our readers, Coronet presents a new listing of educational opportunities on pages 152 and 153.

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Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. These words emphasize the vast difference between internal sanitary protection and any other kind. But that's not all! There is no bulk with Tampax. No pins, no belts—no supports of any kind. Nothing to cling or chafe. Never a disposal problem. Tampax is simply and purely surgical cotton, so made that the wearer's hands need not touch it at any time at all.

Imagine what a sense of freedom this gives you! Tampax even prevents odor from forming—relieves you of that possible embarrassment. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax since it was invented by a doctor for the benefit of *all* women. But even more important, new millions will choose it in the future—for modern women always prefer the better, more convenient, far more modern way. Naturally!

Choice of three absorbencies at drug or notion counters. Ask for Regular, Super, or Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

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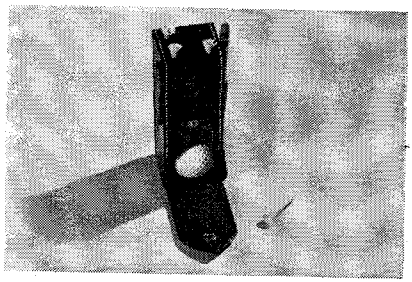
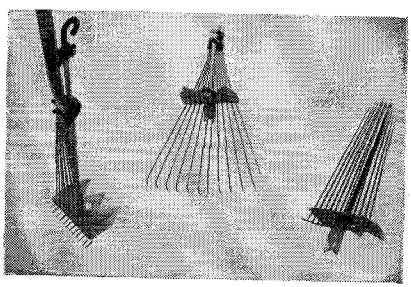
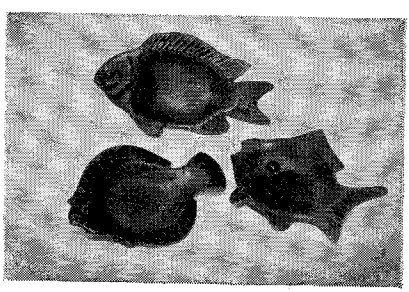


GIVE the family golfers this caddy case to slip over the belt. Holds 3 balls and 4 tees. Just unsnap flap and out pops a golf ball. Has slot at side for scoring pencil. Cowhide in tan or black. Comes with 3 Dunlop Warwick balls. 5¾" $5.95 pp. Elf Hollow, Dept. C, P.O. Box 65, Watertown, Conn.



DANDI-HO-RAKE is a rake, a hoe and a digger all in one tool. Converts by push button control on handle to 5 desired rake widths. With prongs locked shut it becomes a hoe on one side and a digger on the other. Of non-rusting aluminum $6.95 pp. Joseph's, 809 C Oregon St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.



THESE BLACK cast-iron fish make decorative individual baking dishes. Transfer directly from oven to table and food stays piping hot. Can be used as ash trays, or ornamental dishes. 6½" x 5". $1.75 pp. each or set of 3 for $5.00 pp. Hathore House, 631 Second Ave., J.C., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

FIGURE 8 chignon changes your bobbed coiffure into a chic, new hair-do in a matter of minutes. Eliminates straggly look of in-between hair length. Submit sample of hair. $6.95 pp., plus $3.25 for light blond or mixed gray. Fashion Hair Products, Dept. T, 175 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: See Coronet's Family Shopper, on page 148, for listings of additional mail order products and service which may be of further interest and value to you.

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There's so much fun for *all* the family—in Michigan! Together, you'll share waterside play at any one of 11,037 sparkling lakes . . . roam the forests . . . or sun yourselves along the 3,121 magnificent miles of Great Lakes shoreline.

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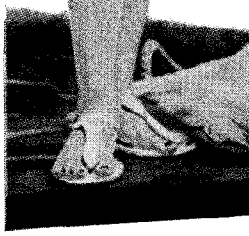
Room 51, Capitol Building, Lansing 4, Michigan



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(Please check regional folders desired) C66

1 ☐ Upper Peninsula Development Bureau
2 ☐ West Michigan Tourist Association
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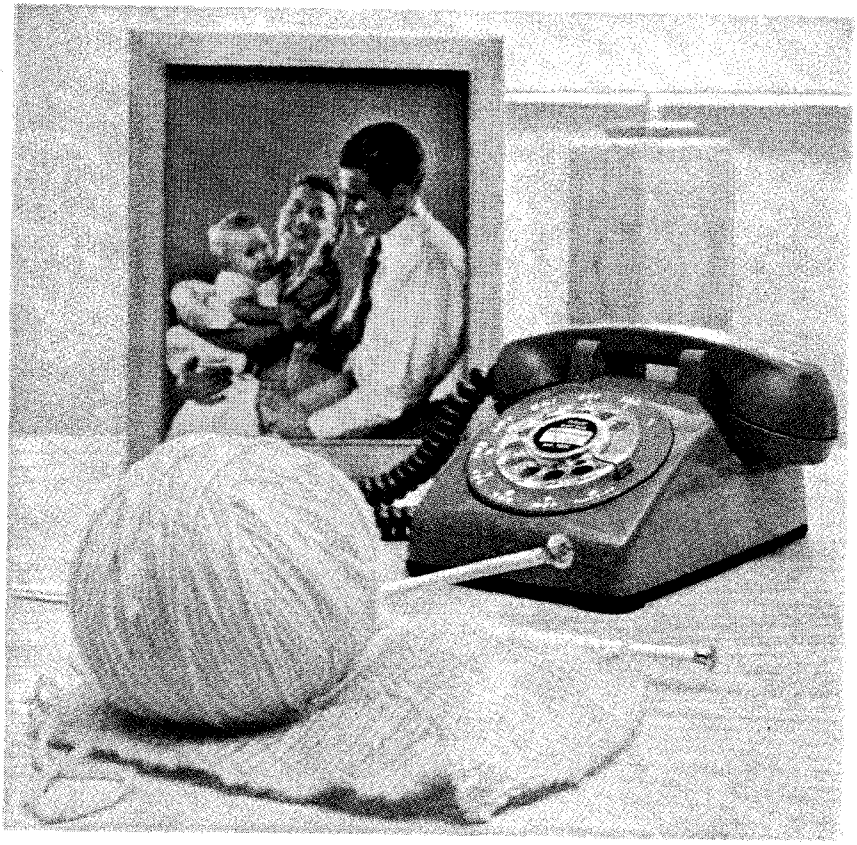

Knits the family together

In a warm and personal way the telephone keeps the family close together.

Quickly and easily it helps you share good news and happiness, solves problems, dries tears, renews courage, makes plans and helps carry them out.

Right now someone would like to hear your voice and have a good family get-together.

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The Precious Life of a Preemie

by KATHERYN WITHERSPOON

The baby arrived before nature meant him to. He was only twelve inches long, weighed less than two pounds, but he was breathing. Would he live? Could he live?

BABY ROBERT BROWN was only minutes old when he was wheeled through the door marked "Premature Nursery" in New York's Flower-Fifth Avenue Hospital.

"Poor little fellow," Dr. Robertson, the hospital's resident physician in pediatrics, said, and shook his head. "He's too small to last more than a few hours."

"Don't be so sure, doctor." There was challenge in Nurse Carey's tone as she lifted the tiny infant from the portable incubator. "Isn't he cute? He must be about the smallest we've ever had."

She put him quickly in one of the nursery's Isolette incubators reserved for newborns under four pounds, placing him on the folded diaper his body was too frail to wear.

"He's just a six-months baby and so full of mucus he hasn't a chance," Dr. Robertson said. "The mother bore another preemie two years ago that lived only nine hours."

They looked down through the transparent plastic hood at the baby lying in the warm incubator like a little sparrow, all

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ribs and legs and arms. His head was finely shaped, with pointed chin and delicate nostrils, but his weazened skin gave him the wise look of a little old man.

"Here are his identification bracelets."

The doctor handed the blue and white bead bracelets to Nurse Carey. Ordinarily they were put on a newborn's wrists in the delivery room, but any unnecessary handling would endanger the life of a preemie this size. Nurse Carey reached through the Isolette portholes and tucked them into a recess adjoining the head of the mattress.

A cleaning maid in green uniform, bustling in to empty the wastebaskets, paused to peer over their shoulders.

"What a little one!" she exclaimed. "Why, he's a living doll." She crooked a playful finger at the baby. "How big was that littlest girl we had?"

"One pound fifteen ounces," Nurse Carey answered.

"One fifteen—and you should see her now." The maid puffed out her own fat cheeks imitatively. "Can we—will this one–?"

"Small girls seem to me to do better than small boys." Nurse Carey shrugged. "Somehow, the boys we've had didn't seem able to make it. We've never had a boy this tiny live, and only one girl. Our smallest boy was two five. I'd say this baby has about one chance in a hundred."

"Poor thing—"

The maid picked up her wastebaskets and left. Dr. Robertson followed as a student nurse came in to report for duty. Nurse Carey took her on a round of the incubators and hurried back to Baby Brown, knowing he would die quickly without her constant vigilance.

He lay there quietly, his rib cage rising and falling as he breathed, exhausted from the shock of birth. His ribs beneath his thin skin resembled small ridges of fine sand along the seashore. His umbilical cord, tied off, hung to one side like a sea shell. His deep blue eyes were serene.

But as she watched, he suddenly began breathing with difficulty and his color changed rapidly to blue-black.

"He's got to be suctioned," she called. "Let me have the aspirator."

THE STUDENT NURSE brought her a delicate blown-glass oval, with a glass trap inside. A long glass cylinder extended from the top, with a rubber tube suspended from the bottom.

Nurse Carey reached through the incubator portholes and with skilled precision placed the rubber tubing in the baby's mouth. Then she put the upper glass cylinder in her own mouth and inhaled gently. The suction of her breath drew the mucus that was choking the tiny throat to safety in the glass trap.

The student nurse watched intently.

Satisfied that Baby Brown was free of mucus temporarily, Nurse Carey took the aspirator to the sink and washed her hands . . . .

Baby Brown was one hour old when Nurse Carey raised the shade

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"He lay in the warm incubator like a little sparrow, all ribs and legs and arms. His head was finely shaped but his weazened skin gave him the look of a wise old man."

covering the window that looked out on the corridor. She smiled at the father waiting there, and silently pointed to Baby Brown's incubator.

The father looked eagerly at his little son fighting for life. Pride and love shone on his face—then he seemed to remember. He nodded his thanks, and turned away quickly to hide the tears. . . .

Baby Brown was four hours old when Nurse Carey noticed the drop of blood on his umbilical cord.

"I've got to tie his cord tighter or he may bleed to death," she told the student nurse.

She took a sterile string, or cord tie, from the cabinet. Working through the Isolette portholes, she tied it around the baby's cord. Her practiced hands knotted the string with ease, but the umbilical cord, which was like thick gelatine that would dry up and fall off naturally in time, was so fragile that it quickly broke.

More drops of blood appeared as the student watched, horrified.

Nurse Carey hid her own tremors. With a second tie, she started all over again. Fortunately there was enough of the baby's umbilical cord left to hold the new string. This time it did not break.

"We won't let you die, Baby Brown," she whispered. . . .

Baby Brown was 22 hours old when Nurse Carey came on duty the next morning. She was early. She rushed eagerly to his incubator and looked down with relief at his

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Nurse weighs preemie without removing him from safety of incubator.

little weazened face and visibly breathing rib cage.

"I could hardly wait to see if he was still here," she said to the student on duty. "I telephoned last night to find out just before I went to bed. Every hour he lives, his chances get better."

A gray-haired orderly rolled in a fresh tank of oxygen and paused to watch Baby Brown kicking feebly.

"How can such tiny hands be so perfectly shaped?" he marveled.

"He moved his mouth just then!" exclaimed Nurse Carey. "That's the first time."

"When do we feed him?" asked the student nurse.

"Not until he's about 96 hours old," Nurse Carey told her. "That's when the real trouble can start because you never know how they'll take it. The stomach fills up and creates pressure on the lungs. It can interfere with breathing, or cause mucus they can't get out. Even if they bring up the mucus, it may fall back down the trachea into the lungs and cause pneumonia to develop."

"Lucky they're born with enough food and water stored up in their bodies so they can last awhile without anything." The orderly nodded wisely.

"If they're going to die, I'd rather it was before we started feeding them," Nurse Carey said. "It's hard after that."

"You shouldn't take it so to heart."

"If you don't love babies, there's no sense in working with them," Nurse Carey said. "They feel it and don't do as well. They like love and affection."

Dr. Starr, a brisk, pretty woman pediatrician, the private doctor on the case, entered the nusery.

"Well, little fellow." She appraised Baby Brown for a long moment. "I don't know, Miss Carey. I don't think we should put bells on—yet. But he does look more active. If he lives a week, then I'll start being thrilled."

Baby Brown squirmed vigorously, his feet in the air, and managed to turn over on his side.

"See that?" Nurse Carey smiled. "He doesn't want to leave us."

"You can weigh him tomorrow if he's still going," said Dr. Starr....

Baby Brown was 46 hours old, and still going strong, when the

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weighing began. It was a delicate process. First, Nurse Carey placed the scales on top of the incubator. Then she took a rod with a hook on the top and one on the bottom. Attaching the top hook to the scales, she lowered the rod through the weighing hole in the top of the Isolette and attached the lower hook to the hammock that held the baby. Thus the baby would be weighed without leaving the warm safety of his incubator.

Intently, she watched the dial move to one pound fourteen ounces —and stop.

"He would normally have lost about two ounces since birth," she figured. "That makes him around two pounds when born."

Then she placed a tape measure on the mattress beside him as he lay straight on his back. He measured 12 inches long. . . .

Baby Brown was 95 hours old when preparations started for his first feeding. Dr. Robertson inserted in the baby's left nostril the smooth plastic tube used to *gavage* (stomach tube) feed preemies under three pounds.

The baby became very much alive and struggled beneath Nurse Carey's restraining hands while the doctor worked.

"There, there," he soothed. "This doesn't hurt at all."

Actually the *gavage* tube is so comfortable that it can be left in place for a week at a time. Then it is removed and a clean tube placed in the other nostril. This adds to the preemie's chance of living, because it cuts down on handling. The tubes of hard rubber formerly used had to be inserted and removed with each feeding.

Preemie is fed through smooth plastic tube that leads to stomach.

Feeding would begin after Baby Brown had become accustomed to the tube and could breathe easily with it.

"Do you think he'll be able to take feeding?" the student nurse asked.

"We'll soon find out. . . ."

Baby Brown was exactly 96 hours old when breakfast time came. Nurse Carey placed two ccs—60 drops—of lactose and water in a syringe fitted with an adapter over the open ends of the *gavage* tube. The liquid flowed automatically through the tube, descending at the rate the baby took it.

The caps of the nurses almost

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met as they leaned eagerly to watch.

After the end of four minutes, all the liquid had passed from the syringe into the stomach. Baby Brown had had his first breakfast.

But he soon began to fuss and breathe harder. Then he turned blue-black. He had regurgitated. The feeding had passed into his lungs.

Nurse Carey suctioned him and told the student to telephone Dr. Robertson that he'd aspirated his feeding.

Dr. Robertson came immediately. "You're right," he said. "He has an aspiration pneumonia."

HE PRESCRIBED penicillin for intramuscular injection twice daily, steam to be increased in his incubator, all feeding stopped for 24 hours.

As Nurse Carey injected the life-saving penicillin into the little body, Baby Brown cried.

The telephone rang and the student nurse quickly moved to answer it.

"It's Miss Green," she said. "She wants to know if you'll take her shift at 11 tonight and let her take your place in the morning. Her aunt's critically ill."

"Tell her yes. And I hope her aunt improves," Nurse Carey said, almost with relief. . . .

Baby Brown was 111 hours old. It was midnight and all was quiet as Nurse Carey moved about the nursery watching the preemies sleeping peacefully.

These were her own babies now. They would go out into the world, strong and well and living, never remembering, never knowing that it was to her care they owed their lives.

She bent over Baby Brown's incubator. His rib cage had stopped moving. She looked again, sharply, to be sure. He was no longer breathing.

She snatched up the telephone. "Give me Dr. Robertson. Hurry, please!"

"Hello," the resident pediatrician answered sleepily from his room.

"Baby Brown has stopped breathing."

"I'll be right up."

Quickly, Nurse Carey suctioned the baby and began artificial respiration.

Dr. Robertson appeared in a few minutes. He rushed to the Isolette where Baby Brown lay as in death, eyes staring open, and thrust the extra-long stethoscope through a porthole.

"He's still living."

Nurse Carey moved aside and the doctor continued the artificial respiration.

"Drop some mineral oil in his eyes," he told the nurse. "The air will dry them out, wide open like that, without any fluid from blinking. If he lives, we must save his sight."

As he moved the tiny legs in rhythm up to the chest and down, up and down again, Nurse Carey took a medicine dropper and carefully covered the eyes with the mineral oil.

"Give him three minims of caffein sodium benzoate to stimulate respiration, and increase his oxygen

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with a funnel," Dr. Robertson said, without looking up.

Up and down, up and down went the little legs but still Baby Brown lay as in death.

Dr. Robertson listened again for the heart beat. All was silence.

"It's stopped beating," he announced. "There's nothing to lose now. I'm going to inject adrenalin directly into his heart."

Nurse Carey brought the hypodermic and skillfully he plunged the needle into the deathlike body. Then he started working again, up and down, up and down, with the tiny legs.

He listened once more, but still there was no sound. Brain damage would occur if the vital organ did not start pumping in a matter of seconds now.

He listened again. "I think I heard it!" he exclaimed and went back to the artificial respiration with renewed hope.

Doctor and nurse worked on, silent, efficient. Then Baby Brown made a little gasp, the first intake of air of his own in at least 35 minutes.

"He's breathing," Nurse Carey muttered tensely, trying not to cry.

A few minutes more of artificial respiration and the little rib cage was moving again under its own power.

"I could have pronounced him dead," said Dr. Robertson. "But I felt something was still there. Technically, he *was* dead for about three minutes. If he survives this crisis, I think he'll make it. . . ."

Baby Brown was three months old when Nurse Carey placed him in his mother's arms for the first time. He weighed five and a half pounds, he was 18 inches long—and he was dressed to go home.

Baby Brown fumbled the back of his tiny hand against his open, seeking mouth. He made murmurations of happy sounds. His feet wiggled. He made cak-cak-cak noises with his mouth, and gave the little spoiled, pleading scream of a baby well-pampered.

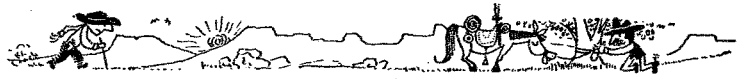
"Use a slow nipple on him," Nurse Carey told his mother in parting. "He eats well, but he needs a lot of sucking."

To Baby Brown she said simply: "Goodby, Robert. Don't forget me too soon."

Hitch and Hike

IN THE OLD DAYS when two men with only one horse between them went on a journey, one man would mount and ride an allotted distance, then dismount and hitch the horse to a tree and proceed on foot. The other man would walk until he came to the horse, then ride on until he caught up with the hiker. That's how, they say, the term "Hitch-hike" originated.

—OSCAR AMERINGER, *If You Don't Weaken* (Holt)



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As Brother Marinus, he is doing "what the Man at the Helm wants me to do."

God's Skipper

by THEODORE IRWIN

Captain La Rue, who saved 14,000 refugees from a Korean Hell, finds his own salvation as a monk

FOUR DAYS before last Christmas, in the Korean Embassy in Washington, U.S. Navy brass, members of the Maritime Board, the Chairman of the Board of the Moore-McCormack Lines, high officials of the Roman Catholic Church and other prominent people gathered to honor an act of heroism performed five years before at that very hour.

An Embassy aide read the glowing citation:

"In recognition and appreciation of his outstanding and exceptionally meritorious service . . . rescue of 14,000 refugees . . . a humanitarian mission remembered by the people of Korea as an inspiring example of Christian faith in action..."

Then Ambassador Yon Chan Yang pinned the Korean Order of Military Merit Ulchi with Gold Star on the breast of Brother Marinus, a tall, lean Benedictine monk.

His feat had been fantastic enough in itself. But it was made even more incredible by the fact that this gentle religious had been Captain Leonard P. La Rue, skipper of the cargo ship *Meredith Victory*, when he performed it. For this was the man who wrote maritime history in the face of almost certain death during the hellish siege of Hungnam in 1950. Then five years

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later, after 20 years at sea, the 40-year-old skipper laid aside his charts and sextant to don the black habit of a monk, dedicating the rest of his life to prayer and menial labor at St. Paul's Abbey near Newton, New Jersey.

What made this veteran mariner heed a call stronger than that of the sea?

"The call came," he says, "after a serious operation at an Army hospital in Tokyo in the fall of 1954. On my hospital bed, in the early hours of the morning, I reflected about those throughout the world who were also suffering and I thought of Christ on the cross and what He went through for us.

"Then I asked myself, 'Am I doing what the Man at the Helm wants me to do?' I saw again those people packed like sheep on the decks and in the holds, I felt I was chosen to be their shepherd. It must have been God's will. . . ."

Captain La Rue's fantastic rescue feat at Hungnam began on the evening of December 21, 1950, when his ship, the *Meredith Victory*, a Moore-McCormack freighter chartered to the Military Sea Transportation Service, entered the harbor with its cargo. The city was a shambles, with half of it in flames and a black pall of smoke hanging overhead.

U. N. forces were trying to head off the Communist hordes in the surrounding hills, our fleet was blasting away with all its guns, our planes strafing and dropping Napalm bombs, and Hungnam was crowded with panic-stricken refugees who had fled before the Chinese thrust from the Yalu River. It was like a scene out of Dante's Inferno.

When the *Meredith Victory* docked, five haggard Army colonels boarded her. "Captain La Rue, we need your help," they told him. "We have 35,000 South Koreans who have to get out of here as quickly as possible. We hear the Reds have sworn to behead any they find in the city. No one knows when the zero hour will come. What do you say?"

Unhesitatingly, the skipper replied, "Of course." But as he saw the crowds waiting on the waterfront in the bitter cold, he felt that the question had been answered almost 20 centuries before with the words: "Whatsoever you do to the least of these, you do unto me."

His ship, with facilities for 12 passengers, was registered at 7,607-gross-ton capacity and at the time carried a heavy load of cargo.

"When you've had enough passengers give us the word and that'll be it," he was told, and with two GIs at the gangplank counting, the refugees began coming aboard.

First came the aged and infirm, the women and children, placed on wooden pallets that were hoisted up by the ship's winches. Men used makeshift elevators or climbed aboard. Many carried precious belongings—a sewing machine, live fowl, musical instruments. Ten thousand people were jammed under the hatches and still they swarmed aboard until they crammed the decks.

At 11:30 the next morning, the skipper called a halt. People were

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The Captain, in the role he renounced.

packed so closely it seemed they would find it hard to breathe.

The *Meredith Victory* weighed anchor and headed for Pusan with an official count of 14,000 Koreans, plus a crew of 35. Within the next 24 hours, the count was increased by five babies who were born with La Rue and Chief Mate Dino Sevastio acting as midwives.

The voyage proved an unforgettable nightmare. There was little food or water on the ship, no doctor, no interpreter. The passengers grew panicky when a rumor spread that they were to be taken out to sea and dumped. The ship had to pass through a 30-mile mine field and there was always the danger that a mine would suddenly blow up the great human cargo.

The first two days and nights, the skipper didn't sleep at all.

"Navigating the ship," Brother Marinus says, "I felt like an instrument of Almighty God. On that voyage, I suppose I was God's Skipper."

Four days later, on Christmas day, the *Meredith Victory* put in at Pusan where the passengers were transferred to two LSTs tied alongside in the harbor.

To Captain La Rue, the meaning of the episode was clear and simple: it was not that the *Meredith Victory* had transported probably the largest human cargo ever carried by any ship. What was important was that he'd been given a chance to apply the Golden Rule.

Yet this did not precipitate his decision to swallow the anchor and seek the cloistered life of a monastery.

"Your vocation doesn't come suddenly," he says.

It took a long time for Leonard La Rue to find his true vocation. Born in Philadelphia, he was the youngest of five children. His mother was an American of Irish descent and his father a French-Canadian instrument-maker at the Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia.

Skinny and serious-minded as a youth, Leonard worshipped what he calls the "real heroes"—the saints. At 18, after high school, he took a two-year course at the Pennsylvania State Nautical School, received his license as a cadet and then took a job as a quartermaster.

Working his way up through the grades with several steamship companies, La Rue was given his first

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command in 1942. In World War II, he ran convoys across the Atlantic, delivered lend-lease materiel in the Mediterranean and on the terrifying, submarine-infested Murmansk run. It took a tough man to pilot that Murmansk trip.

As a skipper, Captain La Rue had the reputation of being "easy" on his men, firm but even-tempered. He tried to make his ship as homelike as possible, and had a crucifix over his bunk. "As a skipper goes, so goes a ship," he believed, but admits that his life wasn't perfect.

He loved the sea, though throughout his career he often got miserably seasick—something none of his men ever guessed. What held him was a powerful "travel bug" that bit him as a teen-ager when he heard tall tales of far-off places.

As a kid, he smoked cigarette butts he picked up on the streets of Philadelphia but as a mariner he rarely touched tobacco, possibly because of his seasickness.

"I never had a stomach for hard liquor. It never agreed with me," he says, "though I do like wine and beer.

"And I never kept company, never even came near to marriage. I was never long enough in one place to get to know a woman well. And I felt it would be unfair to any woman I married if I were to be away from her so long."

In 1946, one of Captain La Rue's passengers was an old Benedictine priest, Dom Laundenschlager, who was returning from Trinidad to his home in Bahia, Brazil. During the two-week voyage, La Rue became devoted to him.

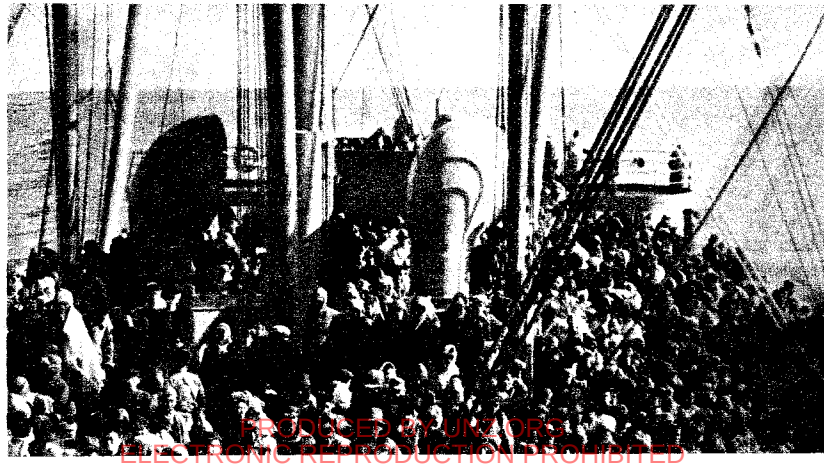
As the cleric walked to the gangplank at Bahia, he turned to La Rue and said prophetically, "This, my son, is no vocation for you."

The remark stuck in the back of the skipper's mind for years.

"A man at sea has plenty of time to think," he explains. "He gets down to basic things."

Thus the sum of his experiences led Captain La Rue, that morning in a Tokyo hospital, to ask for the

Loaded with cargo and packed with 14,000 terror-stricken Koreans, La Rue's tiny freighter snaked its way out of Hungnam Harbor on December 22, 1950.



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chaplain. After he had obtained and read the literature on various monastic orders, the skipper applied for a six-months' vacation.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1954, he entered St. Paul's Abbey. The name he chose, Marinus, has no link with the sea; the first four letters are "in honor of the blessed Mother of God."

The moment he dropped anchor at the Abbey that Thanksgiving Day, he felt that he had shed all his past. "I experienced a great happiness, as if God had sent me his cross."

His letter of resignation to the Moore-McCormack Liñes said:

"My stay in the hospital proved to be climactic in that it resolved me upon a course of action to settle two absorbing questions: 1. What is the real purpose of life? 2. What am I doing about it? Going to sea had many facets which were enjoyable but each of us in his own manner must walk the Road into Eternity alone and I feel certain that for me the Road stretches from here onward . . ."

Today at St. Paul's Abbey, a cluster of low stone buildings on 550 acres of farmland, Brother Marinus spends his days in prayer, meditation and a variety of chores. The Benedictine motto is "*Ora et labora*"—prayer and work—and Brother Marinus' assignment in the refectory is to set the tables and wash the dishes for the 40 men in the monastery.

Mornings, he hits the deck at 4:30, except for one week out of four when he is up at 3:30 to prepare breakfast. Once every two weeks, he may leave the grounds for a couple of hours, which he spends taking a walk.

St. Paul's includes a seminary, high school, retreat house, nursery and greenhouse, but its chief function is devoted to missionary work. "We offer up our work as a prayer," says Brother Marinus. "Our prayers help the missionaries in the active life, converting people all over the world."

Listening to him talk about his new vocation, you see his finely chiseled, sensitive face become radiant. And you see that God's Skipper has at last come home.

The Missionaries and the Head-Hunters

(Answer on page 142)

THREE MISSIONARIES and three head-hunters are camped on the bank of a river. They have a canoe which holds two people. All six must cross the river, but at no time can the head-hunters outnumber the missionaries. All of the missionaries can row, while only one head-hunter can. How do they cross the river in such a way that the missionaries are never outnumbered?

—W. H. DEPPERMAN

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The Dictator and His Woman

by Joseph Hilton

Foreign Correspondent and
Expert on Latin American Affairs

"Together we shall rule Argentina," she boasted. But she knew his secret weakness, despised him for it—and destroyed him, even after her death

Since the abrupt ousting of Juan Perón in late September, much has been written and said about the political and economic aspects of his rise and fall as Argentina's dictator. Yet almost nothing has been made public to adequately explain why the Strong Man was suddenly revealed as simply a hollow husk incapable of dynamic action.

The reason was María Eva Duarte de Perón—but not in the way the world thought.

That the glamorous Evita was Juan Perón's working partner in the governing of Argentina was one of the most thoroughly publicized setups of modern times. Yet the emotion-laden myth of a perfect couple dedicated to an even more mythical picture of Argentina's future was completely false. And no man knew it better than Juan Perón.

From the start, the relationship between Perón and Evita was a curious and contradictory liaison. It is true that she was still a struggling actress when Perón met her, but she had achieved a considerable reputation for spreading her favors around with a sharp eye to the future.

She knew her way in and out of

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Power changed Eva from a fresh-faced ingenue to a sophisticated grande-dame with great appeal for the impoverished masses—despite the furs and jewels she flaunted.

the more important bedrooms of the Argentine capital, including that of the then-President Ramirez. It was due to the latter's influence that her salary as a bit actress at Radio Belgrano suddenly jumped from less than $10 a week to 30 times that amount.

Her main claim to fame was the voluptuous beauty of her body—a beauty that had been well and fulsomely displayed in a number of "art studies" and almost equally revealing movie roles.

She was, to put it bluntly, sexiness personified. It was easily understandable that Juan Perón might desire her as a mistress; after all, he was a widower in the prime of life. Less understandable was the flagrant manner in which he conducted this illicit union.

He openly installed Evita in a suite adjoining the one he occupied in an exclusive apartment house on Calle Posadas. She was still acting on radio, but now she was driven to and from the broadcasting studio in one of Perón's official cars.

Why? In private conversation, one of the editors of the *El Plata* in Montevideo, a man who had known Perón intimately throughout his career, offered this capsule explantion: "In the beginning, Perón thought to use Evita to help outwardly symbolize his virility. He didn't realize until too late that the very fact that he needed Eva for such a purpose revealed his own weakness to her. She was shrewd enough to make good use of that weakness, turning it to her own advantage."

That was the beginning. And, very shortly, it was the end of any emotional warmth between the two.

As an actress, Evita possessed on-

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ly a modicum of talent; but as a personality, playing a role she had created for herself, she displayed a remarkable talent. She broke all the rules of the psychology textbooks. In the face of poverty-haunted audiences she flaunted luxurious furs and a fortune in jewelry. She got away with it.

Perón was able to read the handwriting on the wall as well as the next man. He knew that his ability to campaign successfully for the office of President was due only to Eva's ability to sway the masses.

She demanded a price—marriage. And she insisted further that Perón publicly announce their impending union as part of his campaign for the Presidency.

From that moment on, Perón was only the symbol of power; Eva Duarte Perón was the actuality. She made this clear to everyone once Perón had been installed in the Casa Rosada.

Arbitrarily, she took over the title *La Presidenta*, one never before used in the history of Argentina. She installed herself in an adjoining suite of offices, along with her own aides and secretaries. She began setting up special charities and organizations to provide blanket excuses for the extortion of heavy contributions from businessmen.

Had she confined herself to such specialized activities, Perón could have rationalized her driving ambition as the understandable work of a woman concerned with aiding the poor and unfortunate, her extravagant gestures as a means of "getting even" with the social leaders who had previously snubbed her.

But Eva wasn't interested in appeasing Perón's feelings, either in public or in private. She wanted three things—power, prestige and money.

At one of the first cabinet meetings held by the new regime, the various functionaries were startled as they were ushered into the presidential conference room to find Eva already sitting there beside Perón.

From that moment on, those who had opposed her suddenly found themselves not only out of favor but lucky to get out of the country.

PERÓN WAS CAUGHT in a trap. Outwardly, all the trappings of dictatorial power were his—he was not only the Strong Man of the Argentine but for a while threatened to be the Strong Man of all Latin America. He wore the gaudy uniforms rivaling those of fat Hermann Goering whom he openly admired. He made the dynamic speeches.

But Evita made the decisions. Blandly and blatantly, she insulted not only his manhood but his position as the country's ruler by ignoring even a surface token of respect for both roles.

Perón's inner bitterness fed on the knowledge that there was no escape from her continual domination. There was left to him only the traditional gesture of slighted husbands—that of flaunting an outside affair. He tried it once or twice, only to have Evita laugh in his face. For she knew the full truth of his inadequacy.

There was only one expedient path for Perón to follow—pretend

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For the world, Perón played role of the tragic widower as he mourned at Eva's bier.

that it was all planned that way.

Shortly, not only in Buenos Aires but throughout the length and breadth of Argentina, billboards and every other available spot were plastered with posters bearing glamorized pictures of the couple with the identifying slogan: *Juan cumple—Evita dignifica* (Juan accomplishes—Evita dignifies).

Actually, Perón was accomplishing but very little of any positive value. He seemed destined to be a voluble figurehead, first for Evita and later for the group that kept him in power while it looted the country's wealth. And Evita, who boasted she had never worn the same evening dress twice, had certainly never dignified anything.

With the customary wisdom of hindsight, those who were in a position to observe Perón closely insist that his inward disintegration started from the day—June 4, 1946—he was inaugurated President and realized that he not only owed it all to Eva but that it was a debt she would collect 100 times over.

He was then still a comparatively young man for such an office, only 50. Born on the pampas, he kept up an active interest in every kind of sport. But, as is not unusual, when there is an overemphasis on physical strength there is often an attendant under-emphasis on virility and sexual stamina.

This, so his former associates now rationalize in private discussion,

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makes understandable the tawdry secret life revealed immediately after Perón's downfall—including the score or more *nidos baquicos de amor* (love nests) in which he spent so much of his time with schoolgirls.

The knowing ones now offer a pseudo-medical explanation for Perón's gradual degeneration, concealed from the public-at-large for so long. They point to the fact that with some forms of male senility there is a preoccupation, sometimes abnormal in its intensity, with young girls.

Perón, it is now maintained, was afflicted by what might be called premature senility, aggravated by Evita's attitude. She lacerated his male pride in private, humiliated him in public.

He sought another means of expression—sports—and fearlessly participated in motorcycle racing, high diving, daring horsemanship. His body was remarkably sound. But his mind was becoming progressively sick.

That was apparent in the second avenue by which Perón attempted to feed his starved ego. By its very nature it couldn't be shown in its true light as an expression of sexual senility. Had anyone suggested as much at the time it would have been set down as vicious slander.

But it isn't—and wasn't. Nor is it true, as many Perón supporters are now trying to suggest, that Perón's moral and sexual decadence was the aftermath of his grief for Evita following her death. True enough, the physical manifestations of his sexual senility then intensified and widened in scope, numerically speaking, but the way was prepared long before.

It started during the first months of his regime when Perón faced the bleak knowledge of his lack of stature in Evita's eyes. It was then that the first indications of his warped preoccupation with young girls appeared.

Evita's death on July 26, 1952, brought no release to Perón, either politically or psychologically. He

Wearing his mourning band, Perón cavorted openly with teen-age girl, Nella.

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was, instead, caught in a bitter paradox.

She was gone at last, but her spirit and influence were more powerful than ever. He was forced to grieve in public for the woman who had long since killed his masculine pride. Never, as long as he attempted to remain in a position of power, would he be allowed to forget her.

Then there was an even more diabolical twist. The masses whom Evita had befriended demanded that she be sanctified.

Perón ordered a crypt patterned after that of Napoleon and, for it, a monumental tomb with central figure—of Evita, naturally—that would be taller than the Statue of Liberty.

Now, there was no one he dared talk to frankly and openly. He had to find some release for the bitterness he could no longer contain. That was the beginning of the final tawdry chapter, the setting up of the innumerable love nests for his teen-age protégées.

When these were uncovered, following Perón's anti-climatic flight from Buenos Aires, they disclosed a curious similarity in the contents of each of the boudoirs.

All were furnished as though Evita herself had only just stepped out, leaving behind an incredible state of disorder. Paris evening gowns and expensive lingerie were scattered about—sometimes on the floor, or kicked into corners, or under the bed. Powders and perfumes, all obviously recently used, were cluttered in careless disarray on the vanity table.

The walls were mirrored and in every room there was a full-length portrait of Evita looking down on the unmade bed.

A 14-year-old girl whom Perón had "befriended" said: "Papi (Perón) liked to play. He would have us take off our own clothes and dress from the skin out in Evita's things. He'd help us. It was a lot like play-acting and it made everything else seem natural. He was generous, too. See?"

She held out a thin wrist on which there was a jeweled wristwatch. On the back was engraved *María Eva Duarte de Perón.*

Only a hatred that had become pathological in its thwarted intensity could have sought this manner of defiling the memory of the woman who had made him—and broken him.

California Roundup

STUDENTS IN A PSYCHOLOGY class at a California college were asked to name their most valuable asset. Two wrote "*intelligence*"—and both misspelled it. —*New York Journal-American*

THERE'S A TOWN in California that's so small, it's the only place where the draft board had to draft the draft board. —BOB HOPE

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A REAL SWIMMING POOL IN YOUR BACK YARD

New know-how will make this year tops in pool building and turning a former luxury into a family necessity

by DONALD S. STROETZEL

PRIVATE swimming pools once belonged pretty much in the category of millionaire playthings. But times change, and today a surprising number of middle-income families manage to afford pools, many of them for postage-stamp backyards.

A range of new and less costly pool-building methods, using everything from Fiberglas to plastics to concrete block, has helped bring the backyard pool within reach of modest budgets. So has volume construction. To get an idea, compare the estimated 20,000 pools built last year with the 200 or so built annually before World War II.

For no more than you would pay for a medium-priced second car, or to take the wife on a Caribbean cruise, a contractor can now install in your backyard a handsome 15-by-30-foot pool that will be big enough and deep enough for swimming and possibly some diving.

By doing part of the construction work yourself, you could—*for less than $1,100*—build a still larger pool with a length of 40 feet, width of 16 feet, and depth of 3-to-8 feet. It goes without saying, of course, that you should know just what's involved before you start such a project. Some home craftsmen, especially those who have experience mortaring concrete block, are up to it; some are not. For a pool is more than just a hole in the ground.

To approach the $1,100 pool project sensibly, you will want to rule certain jobs out of the do-it-yourself class. Digging the hole is one. By shopping around, as I did in the Chicago area, you can find a contractor who will dig and shape it with earth-moving equipment for $225 or thereabouts.

Get a contractor to put in the concrete footings and the pool floor,

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too. I found a man who would furnish, pour and finish the concrete, and place the steel reinforcing rods, for $338.50. That's about $145 more than the ready-mixed concrete alone would have cost. But the difference, to all but the expert home craftsman, is worth it.

Now for the work you might readily do yourself. A handy man might put up the concrete block walls. He could also waterproof the blocks with a plaster finish and paint the pool.

A neighbor of mine, an accountant with a hobby of making things, worked with his wife and two subteen youngsters on these jobs. His 20-by-40-foot concrete block pool, completed in three months last summer with the contractor assistance recommended for the $1,100 pool, worked out fine.

For guidance, consult as he did the pamphlet, *Notes and Typical Details on the Use of Concrete Masonry in Small Swimming Pool Construction.* It is usually available free from concrete block producers who are members of the National Concrete Masonry Association. If any of the terms stump you, ask a friend in the architecture or engineering field to explain.

A visit with the sanitary engineer of your local government might also save you trouble. He'll know the health regulations and building codes, if any, with which your pool must comply. He can also tell you how likely you are to hit water when you excavate (that's not good), and whether your soil is right for a pool.

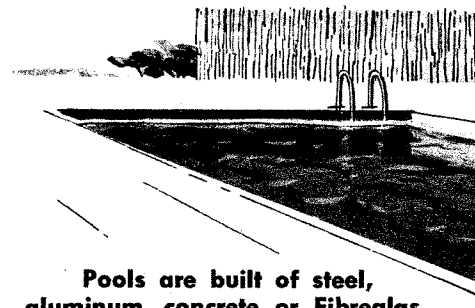
Planning carefully and doing the job right is time-consuming. But you forget the sweat once you dive into that cool water for the first time and realize that you've built yourself a fun spot good for at least 20 or 30 years.

Your $1,100 pool would work on what swimming-pool people call the "fill and draw" principle. That is, you empty and refill the pool when the water gets dirty.

With light use, the same water can stay in as long as two weeks. With heavy use, such as you get when six or more people use the pool several hours each day, you should refill every two or three days.

Drop a dime into the deep end; if you can't tell heads from tails after it settles on the bottom, the water needs changing. Around Chicago, it would cost $2.57 each time you refilled this 21,500 gallon pool. Water costs vary by area.

Frequent refilling, of course, boosts the cost of a season's swimming. Also, repeated emptying makes it important to have easy access to a sewer or brook to carry off the water. Hence, many pool owners invest, right from the start, in a filter system which recirculates the



Pools are built of steel, aluminum, concrete or Fibreglas.

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same water again and again through a purifying media (usually sand and gravel). This way you need fill the pool but once a season.

The cost of a filter for your 16-by-40-foot pool—plus plumbing to recirculate the water and a system to mix in chlorine and other chemicals—would run about $750. The equipment supplier, generally, will advise you how to hook up this gear.

FOR HOME CRAFTSMEN who like their do-it-yourself projects spoon-fed, the National Pool Equipment Company, Birmingham, Alabama, now offers a complete kit for a 20-by-40-foot pool for $1,475. This includes a filter, pool walls and fittings—nearly everything, in fact, except the pool floor and piping.

A trailer truck hauls the kit to your site, usually at a freight charge of no more than $125 to $150 (since National has six plants strategically located around the U.S.).

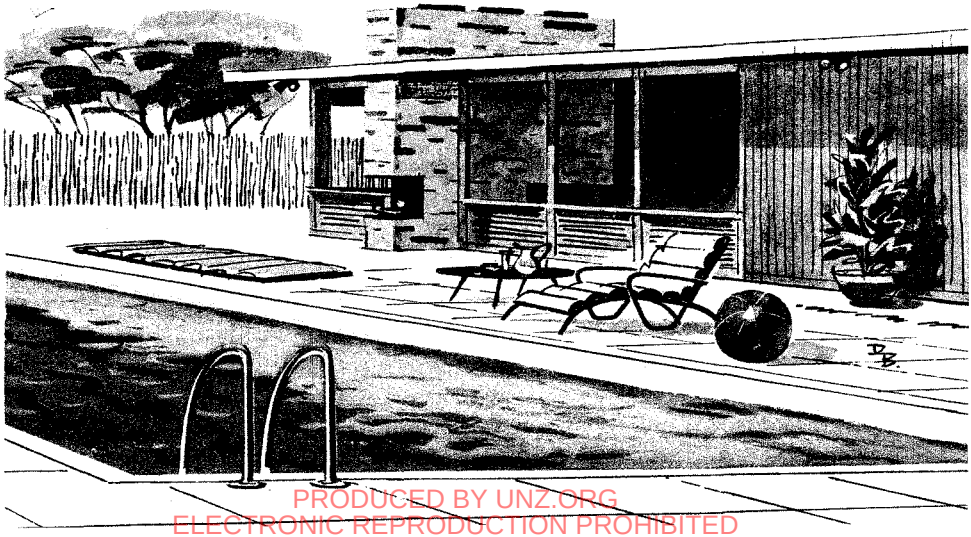
The walls of this pool consist of 150 interlocking concrete blocks which fit together like tongue and groove lumber. No mortar is needed for joints; assembly is like putting together a simple jigsaw puzzle. Easy-to-follow directions come with the kit.

Total cost of the kit pool, erected on your site, generally runs about $2,500 or less. A similarly-sized pool, put in by a contractor using conventional methods, could easily run three times that.

Many people, of course, may not wish to undertake do-it-yourself projects. But this does not necessarily rule out a pool for the average middle-income family. Partly that's because many lending institutions now permit the home owner to buy a pool as a home improvement, paying for it over 36 months (or even longer, in isolated cases).

But equally important: the costs of contractor-installed pools have edged downward as the new building methods have intensified competition. Look at some of them:

Gunite pools. Here the contractor



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tailors the hole, lines it with reinforcing steel, then uses a pneumatic "gun" to blow on the concrete. Saves time, money. Also, Guniting lends itself to free form designs like kidney shapes.

Steel pools. They come prefabricated. Prices have tended to the high side. But, with several companies now making them, including the giant United States Steel Corporation, prices seem likely to come down.

Pre-cast concrete pools. They are becoming increasingly popular. Walls are cast at the factory, joined at the site with neoprene water-stops. Last summer a Virginia contractor installed a 15-by-30-foot pre-cast concrete pool, complete with filter and underwater lighting, for $3,800.

Aluminum pools. They come in one or two prefabricated sections. A crane can lift a complete pool into your excavation.

Four families in the Cincinnati area recently chipped in $1,700 each for a 16-by-32-foot aluminum pool for common use. This investment, in addition to the pool, covered the filter, a bathroom and dressing room, fence, concrete apron around the pool, deck furniture and landscaping.

Plastic-lined pools. You can buy a removable plastic "inner coat" to make the walls of a concrete block pool watertight. Such a pool, while requiring occasional patching of the plastic, is comparatively inexpensive. Installed with filter in the New York area, it would cost approximately $1,700.

Fiberglas pools. They were available for the first time in 1955. On the West Coast last year, the 15-by-30-foot Fiberglas pool sold for about $2,200 installed with filter; in the South, for around $2,600; in the East, in the neighborhood of $3,000. The builder bolts together the four sections on your site.

DEFENDING THEIR ENTHUSIASM over the industry's future, pool builders point to evidence around them that proves how quickly pools are catching on.

The average income of families buying Fiberglas pools in the Washington, D.C., area last year was just $7,500, according to the estimate of the pool contractor who installed them.

The trend is most pronounced in California. Among 1,500,000 families in Southern California one out of every 70 now has a pool and one in 40 is in the process of building one, according to the *Los Angeles Times.*

The movement is almost as pronounced in sections of Florida and Texas, and it gradually gains ground to the North. In one new Long Island subdivision of 22 homes in the $40,000-to-$50,000 class, nine families have already taken up the builder's offer to put in pools at $4,500 each.

Similarly, three of the first ten families to move into a new $28,000-to-$35,000 development in Virginia put in swimming pools on lots that averaged well under one-half of an acre.

All of this is evidence of just how far from the millionaire class pools have ventured.

Pool maintenance isn't the chore

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it used to be, not with the advent of such aids as the underwater vacuum cleaner (cost: about $120). Also handy: a leaf skimmer ($12), nylon wall brush ($12.50) and chemical algae killers.

As for keeping your pool orderly and safe, the magazine, *Swimming Pool Age* points out that this is not nearly as much of a problem as you might have imagined.

According to one pool owner, "The neighbors' children are always on best behavior, for fear of losing their pool privileges. They soon learn your rules, including the times—usually weekends—when the pool is reserved for your family only."

Reported another pool owner: "We always insist that no child can use the pool without an adult being present." That's a common rule.

A low fence with a gate that locks will keep tiny tots from straying into the pool area when no adult is present. For super-protection, you can buy a pool alarm, one that you'll hear hundreds of yards away if a child falls into the pool when it is not supposed to be in use.

Actually, however, the possibility of pool accidents is small, as evidenced by the fact that insurance companies cover your pool at no additional charge under your comprehensive personal liability policy.

"Many people still look upon a pool as a luxury, and I suppose it is," a pool owner in Washington says. "But once you've put one in, you wonder how you ever managed without that cooling dip each night after a hot day at work—how your wife entertained her friends—or what your kids did for fun.

"We don't go on vacations any more. Why should we? We have our swimming in the backyard all summer long."

Your Cost on a 16 x 40 foot Backyard Swimming Pool

Excavation

$225.00

Concrete block	$232.86
Reinforcing steel	157.70
Floor reinforcing mesh	50.00
Portland cement	12.50
Gravel	32.80
Mortar sand	5.62
Drain tile	32.50

total $523.98

Furnishing, pouring and finishing of concrete and setting of steel reinforcing.

$338.50

total $1,087.48

Your costs will vary somewhat, area by area, depending to some extent on soil and drainage conditions and upon local health and building regulations. These figures, gathered in the Chicago area, are intended only as a guide.

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She Sang Her Way Home

PINT-SIZED Peggy King, at 25, is sitting pretty as a redheaded pixy. She expects to earn $75,000 this year, as featured singer on the popular George Gobel TV show, chief jingle warbler for a food company, nightclub entertainer and recording star. "I never wanted to be anything else," she says solemnly, "although we were very poor. At five and a half, while other girls played with dolls, I made a play microphone by sticking a tin can over a broom-handle and pretended I was a singer."

From 14 until she finished high school in Ravenna, Ohio, Peggy worked as waitress, dime-store clerk and secretary by day; at night she sang with local bands. Later she toured with the Charlie Spivak and Ralph Flanagan bands. Someone got her a screen test ("But I resembled Judy Garland too much"). Down on her luck, she started singing commercial jingles. One—for Hunt's Tomato Sauce—impressed Mitch Miller of Columbia Records for its bounce. Soon afterward, Gobel spotted her on a TV show—"and there you are." Playing a date in Columbus last summer, Peggy decided to hop a bus and make the 150-mile trip back home to Ravenna.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURT GUNTHER

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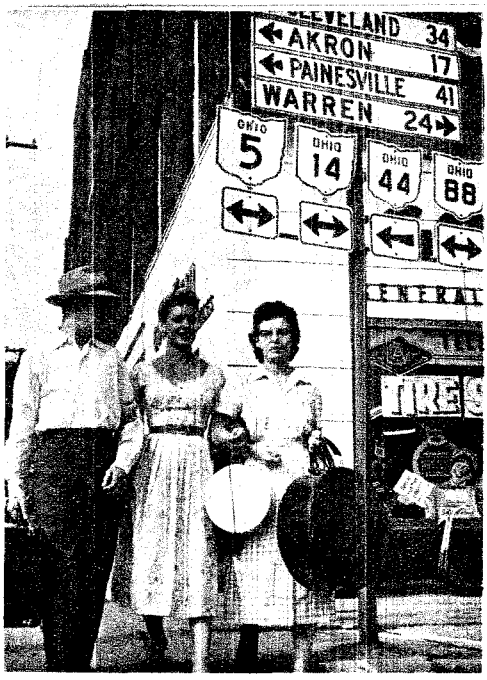

Peggy kids father, rubber-plant employee, about missing front tooth and asks Mom, "What's for dinner?" going home.

SEEING HER PARENTS on the bus platform, Peggy thought: "How often they've waited here for me—since I was 17!" She arrived in Ravenna with one trunk, two suitcases, two hatboxes, make-up kit, camera and portable record player ("When I was traveling with a band, I vowed I'd take everything I needed when I could afford it"). Leaving some luggage for car delivery, the three Kings started the ten-minute walk home to Walnut St.

Soon after her success on the Gobel show, Ravenna—a quiet, old Ohio town of eight rubber plants and 11,000 people—honored Peggy with a parade and $3,000 in gifts donated by local merchants. Later that afternoon, Peggy began a nostalgic round of return visits to hometown haunts she loved as a girl.

At costume-jewelry counter of local dimestore—where, at 15, she earned $4 for a 12-hour stint on Saturdays—Peggy signs autographs, sells charm bracelet.

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"Well, I'll be a dirty bird!" says parakeet, King Lee ("my maiden and married names") to Peggy. She gave him to her mother two years ago. His 100-word vocabulary includes other Gobelisms, like "perty, perky Peggy King." While Peggy signed photos for fans, King Lee picked them up in beak, placed them in neat pile.

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In Hollywood, Peggy has a luxurious pink apartment and a maid, but she finds Ravenna more restful ("I never put on lipstick, run around in jeans"). It wasn't always so. "I used to bend over backwards to avoid mentioning celebrities I knew," she muses, "but that was phony. My life had changed. So I just relaxed!" Yet old friends find her unspoiled: "Although she is one of the most famous young ladies in the U. S.," the newspaper editor wrote, "I still feel very much at ease when I call her 'Peggy'."

Ravenna refers to Gobel program as "The Peggy King Show." Citizens trekked to Columbus to catch her act in packed stadium—7,000 people—at Ohio State Fair.

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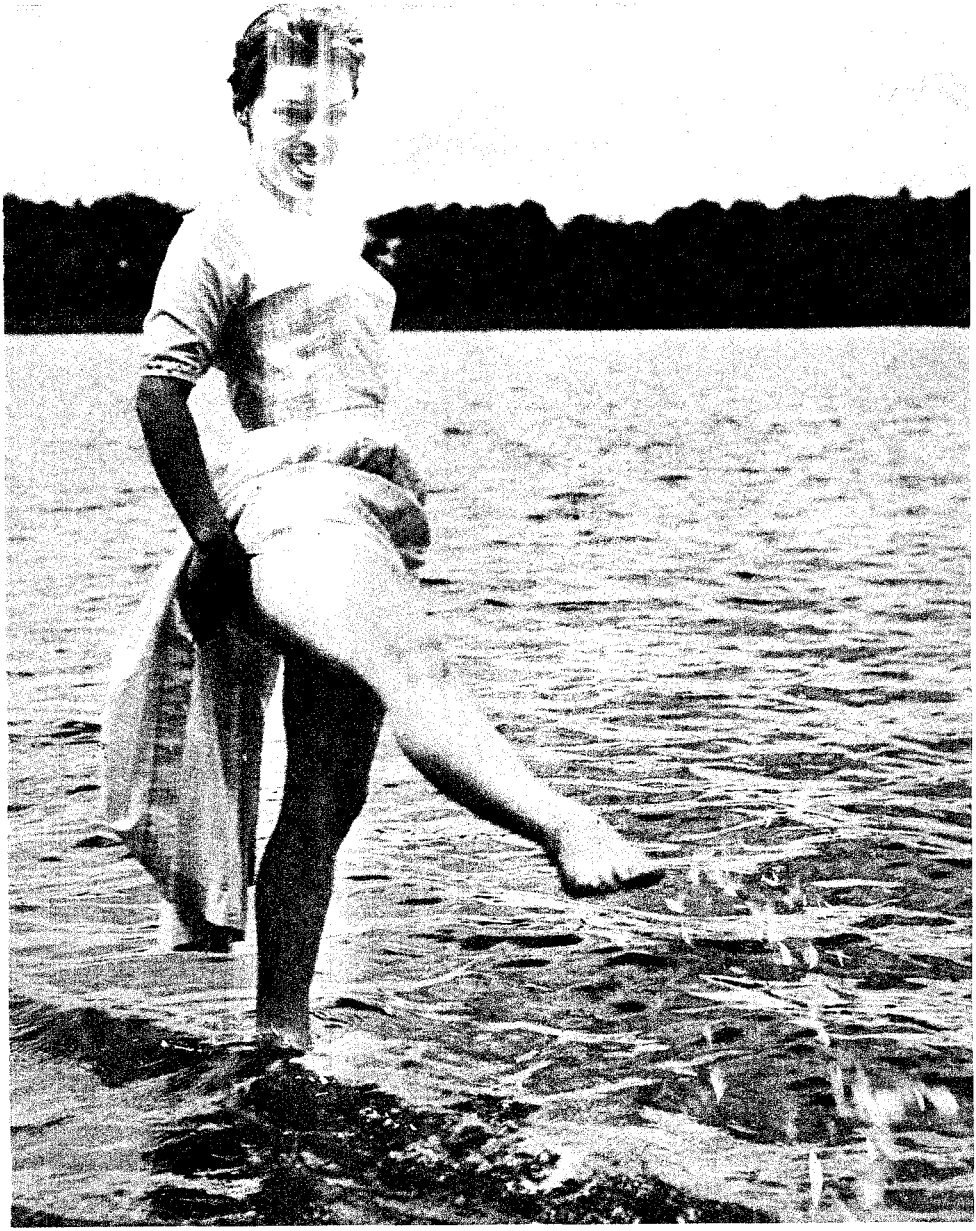

Sandy Lake, where she swam summers, disappointed Peggy: "Private homes cut off the beach now." Her first singing job (at 14) was at lake-side club, paid $5 a night. Peggy is 5 ft. tall, 99 lbs., "just right for rubbing noses with Shorty Gobel."

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Calling disk jockeys to plug her record. *Learnin' to Love*, Peggy spent $150.

ART OF SUCCESS is the fun of showing off your wardrobe to girlhood friends: "My mother's eyes were too weak for sewing and we were too poor to buy many dresses. Mrs. Cope, the mother of my girlfriend Marilyn, helped me *so* much. She made clothes for me and let me borrow Marilyn's gowns to sing in."

To compensate for those years, Peggy now collects shoes (50 pairs), hats, gloves—"too many in pink, my favorite color." She also visited former music teacher, "Red" Hoefler, who tape-recorded her voice so she could hear mistakes and encouraged her on a singing career.

Peggy happily shows girl friends her dresses and gives one to Marilyn Cope Ney.

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Bread man gets autograph, asks about fall TV plans. Peggy re-signed with Gobel.

ROM COLUMBUS, Peggy brought salt-and-pepper shakers for her mother's collection (about 300 pairs). Mrs. King kept busy cooking Peggy's favorite dishes: stuffed pork chops, fried chicken, rice and bread puddings. When friends asked about her three-year-old marriage to Knobby Lee, trumpet-player with the Eddie Fisher TV show, Peggy's green-brown eyes ("depends on color I wear") brightened. Later, talk turned to her Columbia album, *Wish Upon a Star*, a chronicle of her struggles to stardom. On Gobel as a boss, Peggy enthused: "He's an angel with a crewcut."

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Wearing jeans, Peggy pedals down block on borrowed bike, much as she did at 15.

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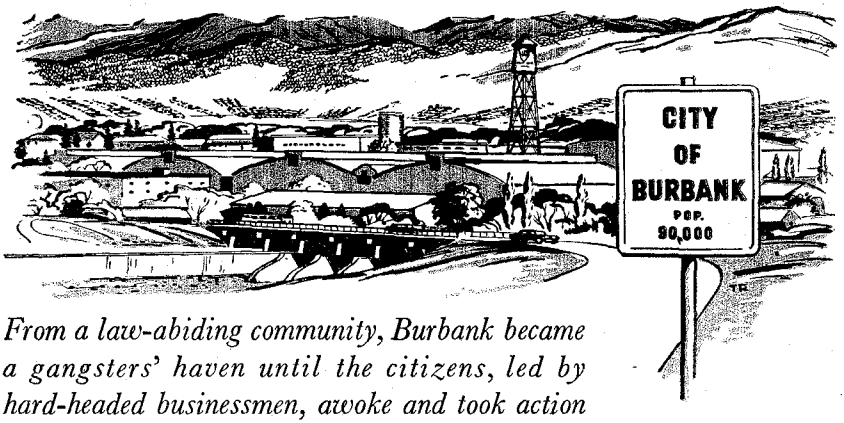
Small Cities Can Lick Crime, Too!

by ANDREW HAMILTON



From a law-abiding community, Burbank became a gangsters' haven until the citizens, led by hard-headed businessmen, awoke and took action

BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, a pleasant city of 90,000 persons in the famed San Fernando Valley near Los Angeles, is a typical American community.

It has well-kept homes, good schools, a symphony orchestra, an art association and 43 churches. Among its 300 industrial firms are Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Walt Disney Productions and Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc. It's about the last place you'd look for lawlessness and civic corruption.

But, on April 21, 1952, the California Crime Commission jolted the city out of its complacency by charging that "*the people of Burbank are virtually without protection against the inroads of organized crime . . .*"

Burbank was quickly turning into a "bedroom for hoodlums" because it housed some of America's most notorious underworld characters.

Joe and Frank Sica, said to be members of the infamous Mafia, ran the Champ Cafe as a hangout for mobsters. Ted Jabour Lewis, reported to be associated with Detroit's Purple Gang, swaggered around town with an honorary police badge and gun permit. Mickey Cohen, recently released from prison for evading income taxes, and Ralph Maddox, a big-time bookmaker with a criminal record, both operated wide-open gambling joints.

When two honest rookie police-

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men raided Cohen's casino at the Dincara Stock Farm they were transferred to another beat and the case was dismissed on the ridiculous story that a "Rabbi Rosenberg" had been holding a meeting in order to raise some funds for Free Palestine.

Maddox's horse-racing and football betting syndicate, also operated with the connivance of the police, reportedly grossed better than $2,500,000 annually.

Chief of Police Elmer Adams, on a salary of $8,500 a year, owned an expensive home and two luxury yachts, bought $250 suits at a clothing store owned by Mickey Cohen, and frequently flashed a huge roll of greenbacks.

Chief Adams, as well as Floyd Jolley and Walter Mansfield of the Burbank City Council, were often guests at the home of Ralph Maddox. Mansfield made trips with him to Las Vegas; Jolley shared an expensive beach house with him at Balboa.

If the average Burbank home owner didn't know what was going on, a small group of business and professional people did. And on August 31, 1951, key officials of Lockheed, Disney and Warner Brothers met to discuss the cancerous growth since World War II of gambling, bookmaking, prostitution, and irregularities in Burbank's city government. They feared the introduction of dope peddling, protection rackets and, later, a complete breakdown of law and order.

Out of that meeting was born the idea of the Burbank Citizens' Crime Prevention Committee—inspired by the Kefauver Committee hearings. It differed from the usual "do-good" group in that almost all 35 members were hard-headed businessmen. Bonar Dyer, Walt Disney studio executive, and then president of the Burbank Chamber of Commerce, became its first president.

An incisive, behind-the-scenes picture story of an important cog in the political wheel who works tirelessly and faithfully with but one aim—to get the vote.

IN JUNE CORONET

The initial step was to raise funds to keep the committee going for three years—the minimum estimated time for an investigation and cleanup. Approximately $150,000 was quietly pledged. The committee recognized that a professional job was required and that it must stay free from local politics.

After canvassing the entire United States, the committee found its chief investigator practically in its own back yard. He was 34-year-old George D. Thomson, a 6-foot, 180-pound graduate of the University of Michigan Law School who had recently resigned from the FBI after 10 years of service and established a law practice in Los Angeles. He was given a free hand.

At first, progress was slow. Thomson and his FBI-trained staff met with evasion or stony silence by Burbank officials—and with apathy or fright by Burbank citizens.

More than one said, "I'm afraid of a bullet in the back."

The BCCPC had no official status, no power to subpoena or ex-

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amine witnesses under oath, none of the usual weapons of state or congressional investigation committees.

But with bulldog tenacity, Thomson and his staff patiently assembled the frightening details of what had been going on beneath Burbank's sunny surface. Then heads began to fall—and they've been falling ever since.

CHIEF OF POLICE ADAMS resigned three days after the California Crime Commission publicly announced his refusal to answer questions about his income and relationship with underworld characters. Three months later, City Manager Howard Stites resigned after 21 years of service, charging "encroachment" upon his administrative responsibilities. Later on, Walter Mansfield resigned from the City Council.

In the spring of 1952, three other councilmen were voted out of office and the "good government" element gained a majority on the City Council. In this election, many housewives and younger voters got their first taste of politics.

By mid-1953, Thomson and his staff had completed the major part of their investigation. The Burbank Citizens' Crime Prevention Committee submitted a devastating 76-page report of its findings to the new City Council. It made 17 recommendations to tune up the sputtering machinery of city government.

Burbank police officers had been instructed to channel all complaints and arrests for gambling, bookmaking and prostitution through Chief of Police Adams. Morale of the department was low, training nonexistent. Honest officers were afraid to make gambling arrests. At certain hours of the night, not a single prowl car was on duty.

In the Burbank City Hall many questionable procedures were spotlighted. The city's electrical code had been relaxed to allow installation of inferior wiring in 400 tract homes for which Councilman Mansfield was the sales agent. A light bulb contract had been awarded to a Los Angeles "supporter" of Councilman Jolley—even though a Burbank dealer offered a substantially lower price.

In May, 1954, a newly-appointed City Police Commission, under the chairmanship of Attorney Earle Burke, also an ex-FBI man, scheduled three weeks of public hearings on what many people called "the mess in Burbank." The names of many of the 40 witnesses subpoenaed were suggested by the BCCPC.

The hearing room in the City Hall was jammed with wide-eyed Burbank citizens who heard Floyd Jolley sneer at the BCCPC and call its members "rats," "vigilantes," "Dick Tracys." He interrupted witnesses and shouted at the chairman. Once, he was escorted from the hearing room by two policemen upon Burke's orders.

"The Police Commission hearings did the one thing that was necessary to insure the success of the Burbank clean-up," points out Thomson.

"Up until then, a number of people simply didn't believe the facts

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we'd uncovered. Or they shrugged them off as 'politics.' The hearings, with testimony under oath, made it abundantly clear that the welfare of Burbank citizens was not being protected.

"To my knowledge, this is the first time that such hearings have been employed on the municipal level in the United States. This is a powerful weapon that can be put to use by other communities."

Exactly what did this noisy, three-year campaign of fact finding, counter charges, name-calling, investigations, public hearings, red-hot elections and recalls do for Burbank? The answer: plenty!

Burbank's new Chief of Police, Rex Andrews, is considered to be one of the most capable and incorruptible in the U. S. Formerly chief in Winnetka, Illinois, and a major in Army Intelligence in World War II, he was chosen in a nation-wide examination.

He has overhauled the department, added new patrolmen, set up an in-service training program, written a duty manual, reduced gun permits from 300 to 25, recalled all "honorary" police badges and cards, upped patrolmen's salaries from $386 to $429 per month.

Result: serious crimes have dropped 30 per cent and auto deaths 45 per cent in the last two years, while solution of crimes has increased 100 per cent.

The new Burbank City Council, under the leadership of Mayor Earl Blais, has passed a score of new ordinances based upon suggestions by the BCCPC and the Police Commission. With municipal politics laundered, a new community pride developed. Under a "pay-as-you-go" plan of financing, much needed city improvements were authorized which will not raise the property tax rate a single penny.

"Burbank now has the reputation of being one of the cleanest cities in the country," says John Canaday, Lockheed executive and one of the original founders of the BCCPC who is now chairman. "Credit is due not only to BCCPC, but to hundreds of aroused citizens —businessmen, housewives, school teachers, factory workers and students—who learned for the first time in their lives that local government is their responsibility.

"It took major surgery to restore Burbank's reputation for being a good city in which to live. Now the job of the crime committee is to remind the patient occasionally that he might need a medical check-up."

Ad that Adds

THIS PERSONAL AD appeared in a Washington newspaper: "Attractive, ethical, employed brunette widow wishes single, clean-cut, reliable out door type escort 40-50. Mutual expense. Object: Companionship, not marriage. Write Box 697."

Three days later this appeared in the same column: "Men not meeting Box 697's qualifications, please write Box 702. Two Desperate Secretaries."

—MARY HIGGEM

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Stress That Syllable

Quizmaster Herb Shriner, star of "Two for the Money," (CBS-TV, Saturdays, 9 P.M. and CBS Radio, Sundays, 8:30 P.M., EST) speaks with an Indiana twang. He says it's a matter of ACcent; the same word can have two different meanings, depending on the syllable you acCENT. For example: opposite—CONverse; to chat—con-VERSE. You'll find surprises in the list below.

1. A **prison inmate**; to adjudge guilty.
2. To **detain on** suspicion—as in wartime; doctor in training.
3. Doorway leading inside; to fascinate.
4. A woman's powder case; concise, tightly packed.
5. A public bus exchange ticket; to shift.
6. A complaint; to oppose, to object to.
7. A floor-model radio or TV cabinet; to cheer up.
8. A gift; to introduce, to offer.
9. An investigation; to measure land scientifically.
10. Waste matter; to deny a request.
11. Farm vegetables, generally; to manufacture.
12. 1/60th of an hour; tiny, infinitesimal.
13. Behavior; to direct an orchestra.
14. A phonograph disc; to note by writing.
15. A written excerpt; to draw out or remove.
16. Flawless; to improve, complete.
17. To set in or among; that which is added.
18. A gift of the Magi; to anger.
19. A topic; to subdue or bring under control.
20. An heroic act; to use selfishly, take advantage of.
21. A scheme or plan; to jut out.
22. A lady's male companion at a party; to guard or convoy.
23. To revolt; one who defies authority.
24. A troopship; to carry to another locale.
25. Advance, growth; to move forward.
26. A composition or treatise; to attempt.
27. Satisfied, pleased; capacity, amount contained.
28. Sums realized from a sale; moves forward or onward.
29. One who is thought guilty; to imagine or distrust.
30. A competition; to dispute a decision.
31. A raise in salary; to augment, to grow in size.
32. A desolate wasteland; to forsake.

Answers on page 78.

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The Tragedy of

by ALAN PATON

ALAN PATON

ALAN PATON is the distinguished South African school teacher, public official and author whose novel, "Cry, The Beloved Country" (Scribner's, 1948), became a best seller throughout the world, praised not only for its compassionate picture of South Africa's racial dilemma, but also for the almost Biblical eloquence of its writing. In one of its most moving passages, Mr. Paton strikes the somber keynote of his lament:

"Sadness and fear and hate, how they swell up in the heart and mind . . . Cry for the broken tribe, for the law and the custom that is gone. Aye, and cry aloud for the man who is dead, for the woman and children bereaved. Cry, the beloved country, these things are not yet at an end . . . Who can enjoy the lovely land . . . and the sun that pours down on the earth, when there is fear in the heart? Who can walk quietly in the shadow of the jacarandas, when their beauty is grown to danger? Who can lie peacefully abed, while the darkness holds some secret? What lovers can lie sweetly under the stars, when menace grows with the measure of their seclusion?"

As incisive a journalist as he is a poet, Mr. Paton from his Johannesburg home has sent CORONET this searching analysis of his country; of its tiny nation-within-a-nation; and of little-known Prime Minister Johannes Gerhardus Strijdom—the Lion of the North—who intends to lead his fiercely devoted minority to absolute power.—THE EDITORS

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"The Beloved Country"

WHEN SQUARE-FACED, thin-lipped, unsmiling Johannes Gerhardus Strijdom became Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa in November, 1954, Afrikaners gave him a tremendous ovation.

"God has raised us a man," women wept. "He will save us!"

"The Lion of the North!" men shouted. "Hail to the Lion of the North!"

The jubilant Afrikaners looked now for a return of uncompromising white supremacy and a more rigid application of *apart-heid*—the separation of race from race in school, church, train, hospital and office. They saw each race living separately again, each pursuing its own destiny, each contributing to that glorious whole whose name was South Africa. All this under God, and under—thanks to God—Mr. Johannes Gerhardus Strijdom.

But while 1,600,000 Afrikaners celebrated, the rest of the Union was filled with foreboding—2,750,000 white, English-speaking people feared this meant, eventually, the end of all ties with their homeland; 1,207,000 Colored people feared loss of their hard-won right to vote; 400,000 Indians feared confiscation of their houses and lands; and 8,991,000 natives feared they would be penned up again in crowded, underdeveloped reserves.

Those who saw hope for South Africa only in the extension of rights to all in a common society, those who believed the days of white domination were over and that statesmanship should concern itself with finding an evolutionary solution to the problem of transition, could see only violence ahead.

What manner of nation is this? What kind of man this Strijdom—this Lion of the North—who would plunge it back into the feudalism of the Dark Ages?

Amazingly, the Union of South Africa is a fully sovereign, self-governing member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It covers the southernmost part of the dark continent and consists of four provinces: the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Its area is slightly less than that of California, plus Oregon, Washington, Montana and Rhode Island; its population roughly four-fifths.

And Johannes Gerhardus Strijdom?

By all accounts he is a good husband, a good father, a faithful Churchman; a man who would choose the quiet life of a farmer if he could.

By the accounts of his more intimate admirers, he is a true dem-

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Grim even in triumph, Strijdom's promise of "justice" for his jubilant followers . . .

ocrat, a hater of hatred, a fighter against injustice.

This great lover of South Africa who fills his countrymen with fear and anxiety—or with jubilation—was born at Willowmore, a small town in the Cape Province, on July 14, 1893.

Willowmore is on the Little Karoo, an interior plain of hill and rock and boulder and stone, a plain which, when the rains come, takes on a brief unbelievable cover of purples and yellows. Near its few rivers it has the softness of lucern and oats and vines and poplars; but away from them, it is grim and harsh, mysterious at dawn and forbidding in the full glare of noon.

The virtues of this demanding land are masculine: courage, toughness, determination. Its women are extolled for their endurance, not their beauty. Tenderness, love and mercy are not unknown, but they are not the cardinal virtues.

The boy Johannes was a descendant of the Boers, stubborn Calvinist peasants from Holland, who settled the land in 1652. Theirs was a struggle for survival from the beginning—against the land itself, against the warlike Kaffirs, against the despotic Dutch East India Company which sought to exploit them.

When the British took possession of the colony a century and a half later, the Boers left their land and

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began the Great Trek north. There they founded the twin republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal and went about the grim business of imposing their pastoral feudalism on the new land and its people.

They no longer spoke pure Dutch but Afrikaans—partly Dutch, some Malay and native words, a little English—and called themselves Afrikaners. They loved the land they'd fought and suffered for with a deep and fierce devotion.

Strijdom (pronounced Stray'-dum) was six years old when the Anglo-Boer War began. As he grew up and saw the Union carved out of the two conquered republics, with Natal and the Cape added, he learned his fierce and exclusive attachment to his Afrikaner nation.

He was taught that it could survive only by keeping apart from all alien people, otherwise the Englishman would swallow it up by virtue of his mighty culture or the native by virtue of his mighty numbers.

The boy was taught there were only two kinds of people: Europeans, who were white and of whom he was one; and non-Europeans who were not. That the latter were divided irrevocably into three categories; natives (pure blacks), Coloreds (of mixed blood), and Asiatics (Indians and Cape Malays). That God created the separate races, and it is His will that they should remain apart.

He learned, then, about *apart-heid* (pronounced apart-ate), an Afrikaans word which means being apart, or apart-hood. It means that certain strict social, cultural and territorial rights are reserved for Europeans; and certain rights, or lack of rights, for the rest.

After finishing school, Johannes Strijdom went on to the University of Stellenbosch, where he did well both as sportsman and student and returned to the Little Karoo to try his hand at ostrich farming. He did not succeed because the market for ostrich feathers collapsed. (Nasty critics have suggested that the ostrich, which buries its head in sand when danger comes, should be the

. . . leads millions like this South African native to seethe with hatred and fear.

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national emblem of South Africa.)

Later, the young man went north —to Pretoria in the Transvaal, the capital of the new Union of South Africa risen from the scarce cold ashes of the Anglo-Boer War. In Pretoria, Mr. Strijdom joined the Civil Service, captained the City Rugby Club, became Bachelor of Laws and set up practice as an attorney in the small northern Transvaal town of Nylstroom. His love of farming was as strong as ever, and he bought a farm.

He entered politics and, in 1929, fought the northern Transvaal constituency of the Waterberg for the Nationalist Party. His real career had arrived. He was now Lion of the North.

He stood unequivocally for four things: 1. White supremacy in South Africa. 2. Racial segregation by law. 3. A republic under the British Commonwealth. 4. Sovereignty of Parliament not restricted by court or constitution.

MEANWHILE, South Africa's industrial revolution had been getting under way. The English devoted most of their attention to running the business of the Union, leaving politics more and more to the Afrikaners. Certain of the Coloreds won the right to vote.

More and more Indians came in from their own overcrowded land. They acquired property, became small businessmen. The Afrikaners never concealed their hatred of these "intruders."

More and more natives left the reserves to work in cities, factories, mines. They entered the professions, learned skilled trades; but though *apart-heid* had been relaxed in some instances, there was little opportunity for them to practice. A black African nationalism, too, began to emerge.

But the Nationalist Party, largely supported by Afrikaners, had not been idle. In 1948, to the surprise of the entire country, they secured a majority in Parliament and their Dr. Daniel F. Malan, a former editor and clergyman, became Prime Minister. A fanatical advocate of strict *apart-heid* and ultra-white supremacy, he called Mr. Strijdom to his Cabinet; when Malan retired six years later, the Lion of the North became Prime Minister.

Upon coming to power, Mr. Strijdom assured all non-Afrikaners that they would enjoy justice under his Government. But they fear the kind of justice they will get. For Mr. Strijdom's word for "dominion" is *baasskap*, which can be translated as "boss-ship," otherwise as "mastery" or "overlordship."

Mr. Strijdom is hostile to UN with its "exaggerated idea of world brotherhood." One of his first acts as Prime Minister was to take South Africa out of UNESCO.

He had never visited the Continent of Europe till 1954. He had no wish to be corrupted by doctrines of equality. To grant political rights to non-white people is to him the supreme folly, the supreme betrayal. Better far to die. If God has willed the Afrikaner people to survive in the midst of such enemies, or if He has willed it ultimately to be destroyed at their hands, then God's will be done.

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It is his intention to carve up every city and town into separate residential areas, thus decreasing the possibility of racial riots. The city is a white man's area and no African may own land there; if he already has land, it will be taken away. It is his hope to direct new industry to the native reserves, and to reverse the stream to the cities.

Communism will be rigidly suppressed, subversives will be confined to certain areas.

The whole population of South Africa is now being registered, and the race of every person determined, making possible the control of where he lives, what work he does, whom he marries.

In case Mr. Strijdom's many new laws are challenged before the Supreme Court, he has increased the bench from 5 to 11, because "the burden of work will obviously increase." In case of insurrection, there is the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Where does all this lead? To revolution? By no means yet. That it cannot last, everyone (in a sense) knows. How long it will last, no one knows.

While Mr. Strijdom has set a cracking pace along the road of racial separation, one must remember that it is the traditional road. It is not so unexpected to South Africans as it is to many Americans. Other Prime Ministers traveled this road too, though they let exceptions happen. But Mr. Strijdom will let none happen.

Meanwhile, with the country's industrial revolution even the poorest see a chance of a better life. Nothing could be better than this great industrial development, which, whatever else it does, must increase the buying power of the African people, the worth of their labor, and the extent of their political consciousness. Nothing could be more likely to crack open the present concrete-like situation.

There are other things, too—Afrikaner family discipline is changing, as it has changed elsewhere, and Afrikaner children question more and accept less their parents' ideas. And there are Afrikaner conservatives who still have a great respect for constitutional procedure; who distrust their leader's cry of the "sovereignty of Parliament," and believe that the separation of powers is essential to democracy.

Is there hope in this? Is there time for it? Well, there's hope if there's time.

Meanwhile, Afrikaner women pray for this "great man" who will save them; Africaner men hail their hero—Johannes Gerhardus Strijdom. The rest of the uneasy Union is plagued with fear, for there seems as yet no end in sight of the bitter blind process that produces these Lions of the North.

"Yes, God save Africa, the beloved country. God save us from the deep depths of our sins. God save us from the fear that is afraid of justice. God save us from the fear that is afraid of men. God save us all."

—From *Cry, The Beloved Country*

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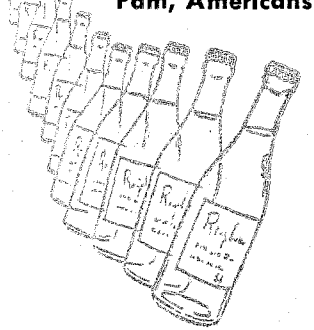
30 BILLION BOTTLES OF POP

by OREN ARNOLD

Whether it's Coke, Pepsi, Squirt, Bubble-Up, or 7-Up, Moxie, Sun Spot, Howdy, or Pam Pam, Americans love it



TO WIN A $2 BET, Ira George Hansel of Oklahoma City one day drank 64 bottles of soda pop, seven of them without pausing for breath. No harm came to Ira. "I *like* pop," he explained simply.

So do an estimated 90 per cent of the 165,000,000 Americans who average close to 190 bottles of pop a year. Millions commonly drink three and four bottles a week, some as many as 12.

For having the highest grade in her class at school, a small girl won a case of soda, then drank all 24 bottles in one day and asked for more next morning. No harm came to her, either, though her mother suffered some anguish.

If all the country's pop empties stood side by side in a continuous line, it would extend 1,581,439 miles or 63 times around the earth. While there is no record of total world-wide consumption, the people of earth drink 50,000,000 Coca Colas alone, each *day!* And Coke has approximately 10,000 competitors.

At many places of entertainment pop brings 25 cents a bottle (4.5 burps to the bottle on the average), at isolated spots in the hot-and-dry Southwest it sells for 50 cents, but the average price now is nearer a dime. And so the nation's annual 30,000,000,000 bottles add up to around $4,000,000,000. This in addition to the oceans of pop consumed at soda fountains, unbottled.

Such astronomical figures need cause no gastronomical alarm. For pop consists generally of water, a dash of simple syrup made of sugar and water and flavoring, and some bubbles of carbonic acid gas. Thus

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even its food value is negligible although, as one physician put it, "A person addicted to potatoes, biscuits, gravy, cream, cake and soda pop is likely to gain weight." As a girth control measure, pop is now available sweetened with non-fattening synthetic chemicals.

Mothers who used to worry about soft drinks' softening muscles, teeth and characters have been relieved by what research *outside* the beverage industry shows. There's the possibility that pop may encourage acne in some adolescents, but that's all.

Fifty years or so ago, pop *was* somewhat dangerous—because it had to be popped. Bottles weren't sealed by the sanitary crowns of today. Cork stoppers were used for a century; then, about 1900, the bottle acquired a rubber seal deep inside the neck, connected to a wire loop that stuck out.

The customer paid his nickel, slapped this loop with the palm of the hand, then ducked. Even at that, the chances were good that he would be squirted by the fizz, which would then hit his cuff and shirt.

That sharp "*pop!*" upon opening gave soft drinks their name. We added another word to make it "soda pop" because soda causes water to fizzle, too, although there is no soda whatsoever in soda pop.

Actually, its first great surge of popularity was built around both a sound and a color; "*red* soda pop" was a grand institution when Grandpop was a boy. And to this day it's Pop, not sonny, who drinks the most pop. Much of his love for it is nostalgic.

Soda pop sells so incredibly for the simple reason that it tastes good and is refreshing. Many European scientists experimented with the artificial carbonation of water. One of the most prominent was Dr. Joseph Priestley, an English clergyman destined to be unfrocked. In 1767, he conducted numerous chemical experiments. In one he charged some water with carbonic gas, then tasted it.

"Delicious!" he exclaimed to his laboratory assistant. "Just like the natural Pyrmont waters."

By 1790, large-scale manufacture of the charged water was under way by Paul in Paris and Schweppe in London, and the British Admiralty had ordered Priestley's carbonating machines installed on two warships "to prevent the dread scurvy."

Priestley came to America in 1794 at the urging of a friend named B. Franklin. According to one story, several years before in Philadelphia, Townsend Speakman, a pharmacist, had become interested in the Englishman's charged waters and made some of his own.

Yankee-like, however, Speakman went further. Berries were ripe in his garden, so he added a little red juice to a glass of the waters and tasted it. Excited, he added sugar and tasted again. Then he ran to a physician friend.

"Taste this, Doc!" he exclaimed, and added the 18th century equivalent of "I think I've got something here!" He had indeed—the world's first soda pop.

Harnessing the effervescent stuff was a problem; carbon dioxide, the gas that gives pop its pop, isn't content to stay put. Speakman and oth-

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ers tried to control it by holding the bottle between their knees and pounding in a cork with a mallet. But after a little shaking of the bottle, the cork would hit the ceiling.

The Miller Plunger, patented in 1874, did work but, like most others invented, it was an unsanitary nuisance. After 1,500 different closures had been patented, William Painter in 1892 produced the simple, clean, clamp-on metal crown with the cork inner seal, and it has replaced virtually all others.

THE ENGLISH called Priestley's product "Aerated Waters," and to this day, that is what they call soda pop. But in young America instincts for ballyhoo were stirring. Manufacturers offered Vigorine, Quinada, Heodont and Phosphodone; then Sparkling Phosphade Ferrozodone; and later Lime Juice Champagne, Strawberry Punch, Grape Blood, Kumyss, Orgeat, Creme de Cassis.

By 1883, pop was so popular that 7,200,000 bottles were imported.

Half a century later, the average American was drinking 32 bottles a year. By 1941 it was 134. Because of wartime sugar shortage it dropped to 133 bottles in 1945, then climbed again and is expected to top well over 200 in the next few years.

Nearly 750,000 new vending machines have been put into operation in the past five years; and there are now about 2,000,000 retail outlets, with food stores handling 75 per cent of our pop. Grocers' profits from the bubblesome beverage are above that from canned goods, jams and preserves, and the turn-over is higher than in all other confections.

Canned pop, introduced a few years ago, has made a limited impression because it costs more and lacks eye appeal. Handy-pack cardboard cartons of six bottles have stepped up sales tremendously. But the big growth has been due largely to one of America's most competitive, most persistent and most effective advertising campaigns.

Because there isn't a great deal of difference between pops, every bottler dreams of coming up with a name that will "catch on."

Exactly what does "Coca Cola" mean, for instance? The term was a little top-heavy for the public, which arbitrarily shortened it to "Coke," and in 1945 the manufacturers registered that as its second trade-marked name. The two are jointly the most valuable property in the massive industry today; the franchise to bottle Coke in just one town can cost more than $2,000,000. This includes the physical plant and equipment.

Coke actually is a departure from simple soda pop; it has an extract of coca leaves and cola nuts that gives a unique flavor. It was created in 1886 by Dr. J. S. Pemberton in Atlanta. One of the first to try the drink was Asa G. Candler, who later bought a one-third interest in the enterprise. By 1891, Candler acquired a complete interest in Coca Cola.

Coke has some 10 major direct cola competitors today, from Pepsi, Double and Royal Crown and others.

Back in 1930, a bottler named C. L. Grigg sold only 10,500 cases of

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his new and tasty "Lithiated Lemon." He decided to try to increase sales by giving his product a catchy name that would be easy to remember. He re-named his drink 7-UP, sold 681,100 cases in 1933, and by 1937 had assigned all of the U. S. and Canada under costly franchises.

Another drink that has become increasingly popular is root beer. Clever merchandisers increased sales by selling it through fountains in colorful kegs which quickly caught the public's eye. Today, many companies such as the Richardson Corporation also sell root beer in bottles for home use.

Some pop drinks, however, were not successful, possibly because they lacked names that appealed to the public. One Monday in 1942, in a Western town, signs appeared: "Try WHIP, the Discipline Drink." The new pop had been created over the week-end because a judge was quoted in newspapers as saying to some juvenile delinquents, "You are children who need more discipline. You need to feel a good old-fashioned whip." The drink fizzled out after a few weeks of good sales. Its name changed to Plunge, sales soared again, then died when cold weather struck. The two names suggested violence, or unpleasantness.

So does Blood, hence Blood Orange was a failure even though it was made from oranges with delicious blood-red juice; this bottler had to change the name to Pomegranate Punch to make a go of it. Nag failed because it did not connote pleasure. But Bounce does. So do Howdy, Whistle, Champay, Bubble-Up, New Yorker, Sun Spot, Kist, Frostie and Gee-Whizz.

Mountain Dew, another "lithiated lemon," is a newcomer based on folklore. And the industry has come up with—Botl-O, Cheer Up, Smile, Hydrox, So-Grape, Pam Pam, Squeeze, Chaser, and Squirt.

A court in Missouri ruled out Cleo Cola as being too close to Coca Cola, but many competitors crowd as close to the fabulous Coke name as possible.

Beyond that it doesn't seem to matter what you name your pop—it can even be Chok-A-Fizz, Sidra, Muggs Up, Moxie, or B-1 which stresses vitamin content—just so the product is eye appealing, fairly sweet and cold, because the sudden "*pfttt!*" of the popped pop bottle has become one of the nation's most beloved and negotiable sounds.

Devious Definitions

INFANT PRODIGY: A small child with highly imaginative parents.
COMMITTEE: A group that keeps minutes and wastes hours.
PHILOSOPHY: The system of being unhappy intelligently.

—*The Traveler*

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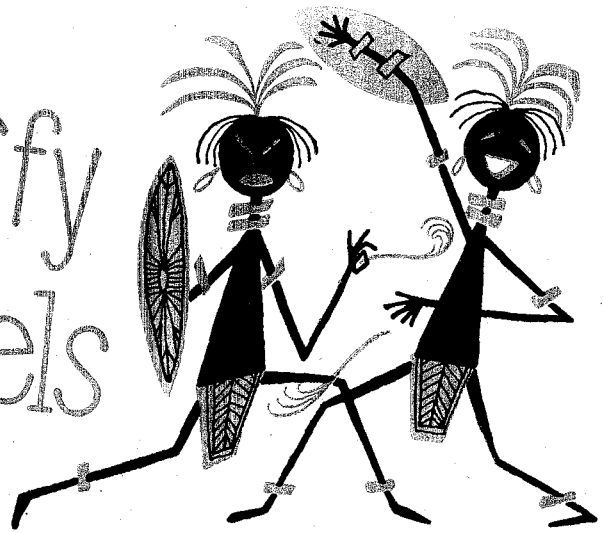
Daffy Duels



by JOHN CARLOVA

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARMATZ

Weapons on the field of honor have ranged from sausages to feathers for heroes who are allergic to bullets

IN A TENSE HUSH, two men faced each other grimly, about to clash in that most dramatic of all forms of human conflict—the duel.

"Are you ready?" the referee asked each man in turn.

Both nodded curtly. The referee stood back. The duelists closed in—and began to tickle each other with feathers.

This strange—but sensible—style of dueling is favored by the Sakai tribesmen of Malaya.

The Sakais are tough little brown men who think nothing of tackling a tiger with pit-falls or hunting with poison darts. Yet, in their relations with white men, they are shy and timid. On the rare occasions when two Sakais disagree—or a point of honor is at stake—a "tickling" duel is arranged.

One of these wacky contests was held not long ago in Johore, a jungle-covered state in the steamy south of Malaya. The two sweating duelists wore only loincloths and were restricted to a circle ten feet in diameter. Armed with long peacock feathers, they went to work, tickling each other under the chin, in the ears and nostrils, under the armpits and along the ribs.

After about 15 minutes, one burst into loud guffaws. The other was promptly declared winner and walked off with the giggling jungle belle they had been "fighting" over.

A tribe in Borneo has found an even easier way to settle disputes.

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When two of the men get into an argument that ends in a challenge, they summon their womenfolk and let the girls fight it out.

More gallant—but probably less wise—are the Swahilis of Africa. When two tribesmen decide on a duel, they leap into a crocodile-infested river and swim for the opposite shore. The one who makes it wins. If both reach shore safely, they must turn around and swim back.

Yet this is not nearly as crazy as a duel that started several years ago in a pub near London's famous Covent Garden Market. A violent argument broke out between two husky truck drivers. When they stepped outside, everyone in the pub trooped after them, expecting to see a thumping good fight.

Instead, the two drivers jumped into their trucks and raced the heavy vehicles about the Market, trying to ram each other. They finally did, head on. The trucks were wrecked and both drivers went to the hospital—honor satisfied.

Their argument had been over which was the safer driver.

To avoid police interference, two gangsters in Marseilles, France, rowed four miles offshore in separate boats, then blazed away at each other with .45 automatics. Neither was hit, but bullets shattered the ribs in one of the boats and it sank. When its occupant screamed that he couldn't swim, his antagonist promptly jumped into the sea and saved him.

It was in Marseilles, too, that a man marched into a police station and lodged a complaint against a gunsmith. His story was that he had bought a pistol from the gunsmith to fight a duel. The gun had misfired and his opponent had wounded him in the shoulder. The angry complainant wanted the police to take action against the gunsmith for selling a defective weapon.

On that particular point, they referred the unlucky duelist to the Marseilles Chamber of Commerce, which ordered the gunsmith to refund the gentleman's money or give him a better gun.

With that cleared up, the police arrested the man for dueling. For in France, as in most countries today, this ancient and once-honor-

The Swahili winner swims off with a smile; his foe's a canapé for a crocodile.

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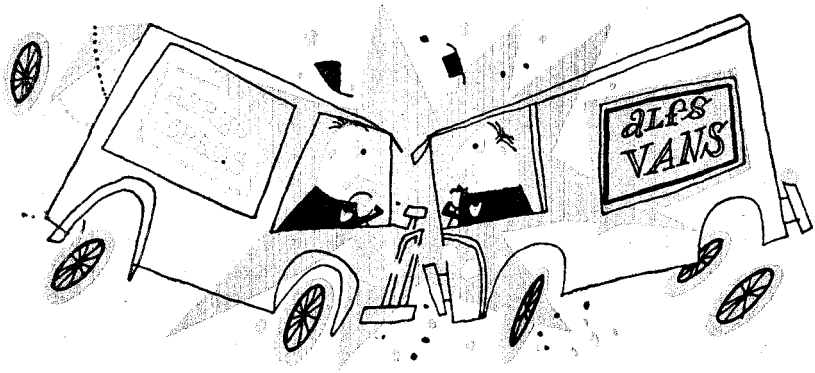
These London truckmen distressed all the Tories—
they went nuts and bolts—and duelled with lorries.



able art of homicide is outlawed.

That doesn't mean it isn't still practiced. In the past year alone there have been more than a hundred news accounts of duels and hundreds more must never have reached print.

In theory, a duel is a test of skill, strength or courage in the name of honor. In actual practice, it is often something else again.

In Paris, a French film producer and a critic met to settle a quarrel —over a lady, of course—with pistols in a certain private garden.

"Pardon! Pierre, I've missed your head. It seems I've nicked your ship, instead."

In the pale dawn light, the two principals looked more pathetic than heroic. Both had stayed up all night. One was so drunk he could hardly stand on his feet; the other was visibly trembling with fright. The pistols, which had been resurrected from some theatrical storehouse, were old and rusty.

After much prompting, and a couple of false starts, the producer and critic finally squared off back to back in the traditional manner. At the word of command, they wobbled ten paces—more or less—then turned and fired. That is, they pulled the triggers, but nothing happened.

The producer frantically shook his gun and pulled the trigger again. Still nothing happened. The critic just stood there watching, vastly relieved.

The two seconds collected the firearms and went into a huddle to see what was wrong. During the examination, one of the aged pis-

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tols exploded, burning the eyebrows off one second and sending a bullet through the shoulder of the other. Both were rushed to the hospital.

The two "duelists" shook hands and went home, and the lady involved sued them both for "besmirching" her name and holding her up to "public ridicule."

Women are somewhat less formal when it comes to settling their differences. In Australia, a few years ago, two ranch women went for each other with bullwhips—by appointment. The duel lasted nearly an hour, raging up and down the dusty main street of a town in Queensland. When two ranchers tried to break it up, the women turned on them and sent them running for their lives.

Two army captains tried to get around the dueling law in Poland last year by taking advantage of a phrase which said that no duels were to be fought "between parties visible to one another." Armed with pistols, they had themselves locked in a hired hall.

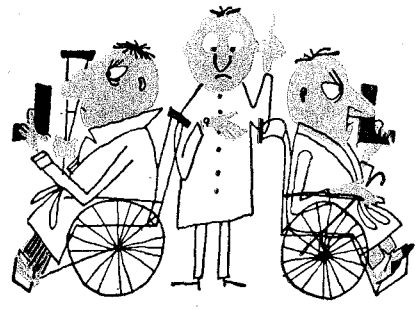
Then, barefooted, they stalked each other in the pitch darkness, each firing whenever he thought he heard the other breathing or moving. One, a little smarter than the other, tossed a coin to the far end of the hall. When he saw the flash of his opponent's pistol, he shot him dead.

Unable to prosecute the winner under the dueling law, straight-faced Communist officials hanged him for participating in "bourgeois activities."

Two paralyzed Belgians once fought a duel in wheelchairs. They met by prearrangement in a hospital corridor, whipped out pistols when their wheelchairs were five paces apart and fired. Amazingly, both missed. Whereupon, one of the men fainted and the other had hysterics.

This harebrained type of duel is by no means a modern invention. Even in the old days, when dueling was legal, there were many rugged individualists who just had to be different.

For instance a Polish count and a general got into an argument while their fortress was under fire. One thing led to another, and before long they were questioning each other's courage.



Belgian duelists duel with feeling and flub their putts despite free wheeling.

To settle the matter, the count dared the general to stand with him in an open embrasure facing the enemy. The general quickly accepted. The men stepped into the opening—and both fell fatally wounded.

On a somewhat higher plane was a duel fought 150 years ago between two Frenchmen. They went up in balloons and shot at each other with

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blunderbusses. One of the balloons was hit, burst and fell to a housetop, killing the duelist.

In 1858, in California, a weird duel was fought between G. P. Johnston, editor of the San Francisco *Globe* and a former member of the California Assembly, Senator W. I. Fergeson. The big show—it was literally that—was held on Angel Island in San Francisco Bay. Hundreds of boats brought a holiday crowd, and hawkers did a brisk business in drinks, sandwiches and souvenirs.

Johnston and Fergeson faced each other with pistols at 30 feet, fired and missed. The distance was reduced to 27 feet. Again they missed. They closed in to 23 feet, fired and missed once more.

By this time it was apparent that both duelists were pretty poor shots. The crowd hooted and jeered. Finally, at 20 feet both men were wounded.

The Senator subsequently died, and the editor was indicted under the Johnston Law prohibiting dueling in California. The author of the law was the duelist himself.

By far the most ingenious duelist on record was a puny, nearsighted scientist who offended the great German statesman, Bismarck. The scientist, Professor Josef Virchow, immediately received a formal challenge from Bismarck, who was highly skilled with both pistol and sword.

"I presume," the professor said to Bismarck's second, "that I shall have the choice of weapons?"

"That is your right," he agreed.

Virchow showed up on the field of honor carrying a pistol case. When he opened it, two sausages were revealed.

"What's all this?" demanded Bismarck.

One of the sausages, the scientist explained, was perfectly normal—the other contained deadly germs. He then offered the statesman first choice and told him to take a bite out of one.

Without hesitation, Bismarck called off the duel.

Stress That Syllable

(Answers to quiz on page 63)

1. CONvict, conVICT; 2. inTERN, INtern; 3. ENtrance, enTRANCE; 4. COMpact, comPACT; 5. TRANSfer, transFER; 6. PROtest, proTEST; 7. CONsole, conSOLE; 8. PREsent, preSENT; 9. SURvey, surVEY; 10. REfuse, reFUSE; 11. PROduce, proDUCE; 12. MINute, miNUTE; 13. CONduct, conDUCT; 14. REcord, reCORD; 15. EXtract, exTRACT; 16. PERfect, perFECT; 17. inSERT, INsert; 18. INcense, inCENSE; 19. SUBject, subJECT; 20. EXploit, exPLOIT; 21. PROJect, proJECT; 22. EScort, esCORT; 23. reBEL, REbel; 24. TRANSport, transPORT; 25. PROgress, proGRESS; 26. ESsay, esSAY; 27. conTENT, CONtent; 28. PROceeds, proCEEDS; 29. SUSpect, susPECT; 30. CONtest, conTEST; 31. INcrease, inCREASE; 32. DEsert, deSERT.

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A New Operation That May Defeat Parkinson's Disease

by WILLIAM PETERS

By injecting alcohol directly into the brain a young surgeon devised a technique which might end the agony of shaking palsy

THREE YEARS AGO, Walter Turner was confined to a bed in a back ward of a state hospital on Long Island, a forgotten man. Emaciated, his body and limbs as rigid as boards, he couldn't walk, stand, feed himself, wash, hold a book to read or a pen to write. His speech was barely perceptible.

Worst of all, his entire body was wracked by continual, violent tremors.

Walter Turner—though that is not his real name—suffered from a far-advanced stage of a crippling disease which afflicts an estimated 500,000 to 1,000,000 Americans of all ages: Parkinson's Disease, sometimes called shaking palsy.

In Walter's case, it had begun 18 years earlier as a scarcely noticeable weakness and shaking of his right arm. He was just 18, on the threshold of adult life, but because both cause and cure of the progressive disease were unknown, he could look forward only to a steadily increasing invalidism.

For 15 of the next 18 years, Walter was in and out of hospitals, confined to a wheelchair. In 1949, after he had threatened suicide, he was sent to the hospital on Long Island, a mental institution. There he required constant day and night nursing care. The doctors who examined him referred to his condition as "vegetative." He was functioning involuntarily.

Yet, imprisoned in that helpless, shaking body was a mind which the terrible disease had not directly affected, for Parkinson's Disease, most authorities agree, probably

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does not impair the intelligence. What Walter's complete inability to do even the simplest things for himself might have done to him psychologically, no one knew, for it was next to impossible to communicate with him.

In February, 1953, Walter Turner became the first Parkinson's Disease patient to undergo a dramatic, new operation developed by Dr. Irving S. Cooper, then a 31-year-old neurosurgeon at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center and today head of a new department of neurosurgery at St. Barnabas Hospital for Chronic Diseases, in the Bronx.

The operation involved destroying a blood vessel in the brain—one of the two anterior choroidal arteries which supply blood to a portion of the brain known as the globus pallidus. The left side of the brain was selected for the surgery because it governs the actions of the right side of the body, in Walter's case the side most severely afflicted.

As Walter came out of the anesthetic, Dr. Cooper saw that the tremor and rigidity of his right arm and leg were greatly reduced. Later, there proved to be a 90 per cent improvement. Yet his left side remained as before.

Six weeks later, he underwent the same operation on the right side of his brain.

On the fourth day after surgery, Walter Turner, whose future a few months before had been hopeless, lifted himself to a sitting position in bed. Next day he walked unassisted.

Soon he was feeding himself, dressing, bathing and attending to all his personal needs. Within two months after surgery, he actually played golf and baseball on the hospital grounds. Today, more than three years later, he is supporting himself as a plumber's assistant, living alone at a hotel.

Walter Turner is merely the first of a large number of Parkinson's Disease victims who have been restored to useful life by the new operation. Prior to it, few had ever experienced more than mild improvement from the many drugs which had been tried in its treatment.

THE HELPLESSNESS of the medical profession in halting or reversing the ravages of this terrible, disabling disease was most dramatically demonstrated by the kind of surgery which had been devised to alleviate its worst symptom, the violent tremors—surgery actually aimed at weakening the muscular power of the affected limbs.

It was during one of these operations that Dr. Cooper accidentally stumbled on the idea for the new surgery. Before he had begun the crucial severing of nerves which the earlier operation called for, the left anterior choroidal artery was accidentally torn and had to be clamped off.

Knowing that the globus pallidus, which receives its blood supply from the anterior choroidal arteries, had long been assumed to have some connection with Parkinson's Disease, Dr. Cooper halted the operation immediately.

As the patient recovered, the neurosurgeon was amazed to find

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that the tremor and rigidity of his right side—to which the disease had been confined in this case—had virtually disappeared. And there was no sign of paralysis.

The most widely held theory of the cause of Parkinson's Disease was that it was due to destruction of the globus pallidus and other parts of the brain. Dr. Cooper's experience seemed to indicate the precise opposite—that Parkinson's Disease could be relieved by the deliberate destruction of this part of the brain.

It was a radical theory and, while other neurosurgeons had previously advanced it and even operated in this part of the brain, Dr. Cooper knew it would not be generally accepted without overwhelming proof.

No one who has ever seen a friend or loved one progressively ravaged by Parkinson's Disease can fail to understand the tremendous consequences of Dr. Cooper's work. For the hopeless, suffering look, the uncontrollable trembling, the helpless stiffness of the sufferer and his gradual loss of all his faculties—save only the intelligence to understand the hopelessness of his predicament—are heartbreaking.

As more and more patients underwent the operation, Dr. Cooper became sure of his results. The improvement in a great majority of those who survived the surgery was astonishing.

From the beginning, he selected patients in only the most advanced stages of the disease. Even with this type of case, mortality was only about ten per cent, comparing favorably with other kinds of brain operations. Still he was not satisfied.

Eventually, Dr. Cooper thought of a safer way of destroying the globus pallidus. If he could reach it with a needle, he could inject absolute alcohol and directly destroy the tissues which appeared to be involved in the disease's symptoms.

The advantages of such an approach were obvious. It could be performed under a local anesthetic, thus making it available to patients whose condition ruled out general anesthesia, and the opening of the skull could be much smaller.

Most important, however, he could first inject Novocain, a local anesthetic, into the globus pallidus to see if it stopped the tremors without causing paralysis. If it did, he could predict that the alcohol would have the same—though longer lasting—effect.

A new series of operations now began, and the results were just as good. Best of all, the mortality of the new procedure—called chemopallidectomy—was only three per cent.

By last fall, Dr. Cooper had performed the two new operations 135 times. In roughly 80 per cent of the cases, he had succeeded in alleviating the rigidity; in 60 to 70 per cent, tremor had been relieved. Only about a dozen patients had received the operation on both sides, chiefly because the improvement from a single operation was usually sufficient to end the patient's disability.

As the reports of the new operation appeared in medical journals, other neurosurgeons came to St. Barnabas Hospital to observe Dr. Cooper's technique. Today, more than 25 other surgeons are success-

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fully performing the operation.

Dr. Cooper has warned that not all victims of Parkinson's Disease are candidates for the surgery. He cautions against it for those patients in whom the disease is not yet moderately advanced.

"As with any surgery," he said recently, "there is a risk. I see no point in taking that risk until the disease is really interfering with the patient's ability to live a fairly normal life. There is also not much point in attempting the operation where the patient is so old and otherwise incapacitated that even relief of the symptoms would leave him helpless."

Dr. Cooper insists that much more time is needed to determine whether his results are permanent. All he can say for certain is that, in his successful cases, the improvements have been maintained up to the present time. As other neurosurgeons work with the problem, newer and even better techniques may well be developed.

But if those developed by Dr. Cooper do not hold out immediate hope to all victims of Parkinson's Disease, they are adequate reason for rejoicing for the great majority of them. For Dr. Cooper has shown conclusively that it is possible in approximately 45 minutes—which is the time it takes to perform the surgery—to reverse virtually all of the effects of a disease which has crippled patients for many years.

Parkinson's Disease is no longer a hopeless, incurable disease. Walter Turner, who once contemplated suicide as an escape from its symptoms, is a living, walking, working testament to that.

With The Carriage Trade

A YOUNG MOTHER was bathing her baby while a neighbor's little girl watched, a beat-up doll in her arms.

"How long have you had your baby?" asked the little visitor.

"Three months," replied the mother.

To this the little girl observed: "My but you've kept her nice."

—Arkansas Baptist

KNEELING TO SAY his evening prayers, a little boy asked his mother wistfully: "Mom, do you suppose it will be all right if I put in a commercial about a new bike?" *—Nassau*

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD watching television suddenly turned the set off. When asked why, she explained: "I have to go to the bathroom and I don't want to miss anything." *—Grit*

IN AN ESSAY on "things I am thankful for," a little boy listed "my glasses," explaining, "they keep the boys from fighting me and the girls from kissing me." *—Pure Oil News*

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A CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

The Joker Is Wild

by ART COHN

Out of Chicago's fabulous gangland days comes this story of Joe E. Lewis, an irrepressible pixie who laughed at a hoodlum's knife and lived to laugh last

From *The Joker Is Wild* by Art Cohn.

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At 25, Joe's raffish humor had already made him gangland's favorite comic.

JOE KNEW DANNY COHEN would take it hard. "Danny," he began haltingly. "My contract . . . it'll be up at the end of the month and—"

"Don't worry," the owner of the Green Mill assured him. "I'm renewing for another year."

"Thanks, but I'm leavin'. I'm giving notice, Danny."

Danny Cohen seethed. "You ungrateful punk. You were a two-bit comic on the Levee when I gave you a break. Who made you a master of ceremonies? Who upped you to six hundred and fifty a week? And this is how you pay me back."

Joe did not blame Danny but he did not owe him anything; he had packed the Green Mill for a solid year. Now he had been offered a thousand plus a cut of the cover and gambling to move over to the New Rendezvous Café.

"I'm giving you three more weeks, Danny."

"You're through right now."

The next day, a dapper young man was waiting for Joe outside his hotel, the Commonwealth. "Hiya, Joe," he greeted him affably.

Joe looked up in surprise. "Hello, Jack."

They walked half a block down Diversey Parkway without exchanging a word. At last the man called Jack said, "What's the beef with Danny?"

Joe shrugged. "No beef. My contract's up. I'm not renewin'!"

"We're renewing."

"We?"

"Now, Joe," his companion smiled forebearingly, "you know I got a piece of the joint."

Joe stopped. "But not of me. I start at the Rendezvous November second."

"You'll never live to open." Jack's gentle voice had not risen above a whisper.

The comedian faced his judge. Jack, born Vincent Gebardi in Italy, was a professional killer, the most lethal marksman with a Thompson submachine gun spawned by the tragic folly of Prohibition. On this mid-October after-

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noon, as he passed the death sentence on Joe Lewis, the man known as "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn was twenty-three years old.

The judge glared at the condemned. Lewis, born Joseph Klewan on New York's East Side, looked like a mug and talked like one. He regarded hoodlums neither with deference nor disdain. To him they were customers. In less than two years, at the age of twenty-five, he had become the biggest name in Chicago show business: he was gangland's favorite jester.

"You'll never live to open . . ."

It was preposterous. McGurn should know better. "I'll reserve a table for you." Joe grinned and walked away toward the New Rendezvous in the next block.

The man who had lured Joe from the Green Mill was a rugged six-foot tough, John Fogarty, a fearless, independent hustler who insisted on operating a speakeasy without the assistance of any hoodlums. He had been doing well at the Rendezvous on North Clark Street at Diversey until Joe started jamming the Green Mill. After that, Fogarty was lucky to get the overflow, even when he brought in Van and Schenck. Business fell off until he had to get Lewis or get out. He knew that meant trouble.

"What about McGurn?" Fogarty asked.

"He's been happier."

Fogarty's face darkened. "I'll let you off the hook, if you want."

Joe threw him a withering look. "Trying to renege?"

"You know how much I want you, Joe. But I don't want to see you hurt. McGurn is a killer . . ."

Joe had turned his back and walked toward the stage. "Let's try the lights!" he shouted to the electrician.

Fogarty followed him. "If McGurn wants you," he said, wrapping his long arm around Joe's shoulders, "he'll have to get me first."

"I can take care of myself."

If you were born a Jew, raised with seven brothers and sisters in the poverty of a tenement house on Jefferson and Cherry streets in New York, you were bred to fight. Joe never looked for a scrap but he never backed away from one. At the age of sixteen he had been in World War I. Where was McGurn then?

McGurn—little Vincent Gebardi then, age fourteen—was serving his apprenticeship in Chicago's Little Hell. When Prohibition came, his father became an alky cooker on the North Side, until the day he made a mistake and sold two gallons of alcohol to an enemy alien from the South Side. That night Papa Gebardi was executed by a North Side firing squad.

Young Vincent took a terrible oath to avenge his death. He stole his first gun, a Daisy repeating air rifle, and he learned how to shoot by blasting sparrows off telephone wires. As Machine Gun Jack McGurn, he would one day turn on the North Side, become the deadliest of Al Capone's torpedoes on the South Side and simultaneously carry on his own vendetta by killing North Side mobmen like sparrows. He would kill without pity or re-

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morse, climaxing his gory carnival with a masterwork, the conception and execution of the mass murder of seven members of the North Side mob on St. Valentine's Day, 1929.

This was the psychopathic killer who told Joe Lewis he would not live to open at the New Rendezvous Café.

WAS THERE MORE TO IT than Joe quitting the Green Mill? There was talk that Joe had been trespassing in McGurn's stable. Joe denied it but the gossip persisted. There was a show girl named Gloria. She had been Joe's girl for a few months. Then she became McGurn's girl and still was. Joe had not seen Gloria in a long time. Kathy would not have permitted it.

Kathy loved Joe with a possessive, unreasoning jealousy. She was waiting in his room at the Commonwealth when he came back from Fogarty's place. "Gloria called twice," she said icily and handed him a slip of paper. "The tramp says it's urgent."

Joe called the number on the paper. Gloria answered. "I got to see you, hon," she pleaded. "Come up to my place—right away."

"Sorry, Gloria," Joe replied, "but I won't be able to see you until November second, when I open at the Rendezvous." He put down the receiver and stared at it. This was McGurn's first move; the second would be less subtle.

"What's with you and Gloria?" Kathy demanded.

Joe told her about McGurn's threat. "He'd like to trap me in her apartment. Then . . ."

Kathy did not believe a word, and when he suggested that she visit her family in Pennsylvania for a few weeks, she was positive he wanted to move her out for Gloria or a more alluring successor. Joe attracted more women than he could handle.

The phone rang. "Don't be a sucker, Joe," an anonymous voice warned. "You better be back at the Green Mill tonight or—" Joe slammed down the receiver.

"Who was it?" Kathy asked.

"Trouble." There was a long pause. The phone rang again. Joe did not answer it. "Let it ring," he said.

Kathy's jealousy gave way to alarm.

"I can take care of myself," Joe said, "but I can't be responsible for you." He pulled out a wad of bills and forced them into her hand. "You have to clear out of here."

Kathy, now convinced that he was in jeopardy, became even more adamant about remaining. "I'm not leaving—ever!" she cried, and clasped him fiercely. "Joe, let's get married. Please."

Joe had thought of it. Kathy was a good girl, honest, sweet and loyal. If he had signed up for another year at the Green Mill he probably would have made it legal. "Not now, Kathy. We'll see—when you come back."

Kathy sobbed most of the night but she took the morning train east.

The threats continued. "You can't win, Joe," an unknown man's voice admonished him on the phone. "What's the use fighting?"

Fogarty picked up Joe's clothes

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at the Green Mill and on the way acquired a hoodlum called Big Sam, an ex-heavyweight fighter. From now on Big Sam would be Joe's bodyguard.

Fogarty was acquainting Big Sam with his duties when Cap Goldberg arrived. Joe Goldberg, a captain on the Chicago police force, had been a nightly visitor at the Green Mill, at first as a cop and then as a friend.

"Why don't you go to New York for a while?" Cap said.

Joe smiled sardonically. "You can't beat the odds by ducking 'em."

Cap hesitated. "I thought it was all over between you and Gloria."

"It is."

"Not according to McGurn. I hear that's his real burn."

"McGurn is playing games."

"McGurn doesn't play games. Jack has to go through with it. He declared himself."

"So have I," said Joe.

Flamboyant advertisements appeared in the Chicago Sunday newspapers, October 30th, reading:

THE NEW RENDEZVOUS ANNOUNCES ITS OPENING, NOVEMBER 2! THE MOST ELABORATE AND SNAPPY GIRL REVUE EVER ATTEMPTED! STARRING JOE LEWIS, AMERICA'S GREATEST CAFÉ ENTERTAINER! AND TWELVE (12) UNADORNED DAUGHTERS OF EVE!

Anonymous warnings and threats, by telephone and notes, continued until Wednesday, November second. Goldberg, having failed to dissuade Joe, had moved in with him at the Commonwealth, sleeping in the other twin bed, with his gun holster hanging from the bedpost. Big Sam slept in an adjoining room, a .45 revolver under his pillow.

Joe did not leave his room all day Wednesday. At ten P.M. the phone rang. Joe answered it. "There's still time, Joe," a male voice exhorted. "Don't go or you'll be—"

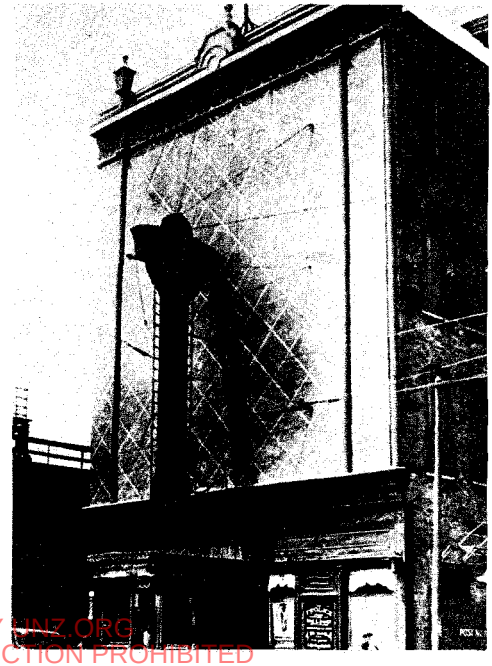
Joe put down the receiver. "Let's go," he said.

The comedian was dwarfed by Fogarty, Goldberg and Big Sam as they cautiously marched to the Rendezvous.

Captain Goldberg checked the room. His plainclothesmen were at every aisle and exit.

Fogarty's men were inside and

The Frolics Club. Cops nabbed Joe here. "I'm looking for McGurn," he said.



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outside. Three of them were perched on the roof of the service station across the street, one keeping an eye on the entrance to the Rendezvous through the sights of a sawed-off shotgun.

Backstage, Joe peered through a slit in the curtain. Every table was occupied but one, the one he had reserved for Machine Gun Jack McGurn.

NO ONE TRIED TO KILL JOE that night. But he killed business at the Green Mill. Thursday . . . Friday . . . Saturday . . . Sunday . . . Monday . . . Tuesday. The Rendezvous was sold out every night and the week ended without incident.

"Machine Gun" McGurn passed death sentence on Joe when he quit the club.

Fogarty was jubilant, but he continued to walk Joe to and from the Commonwealth Hotel.

They were slightly mulled this early morning—almost 5 A.M., Wednesday, November 9th—when a black limousine pulled up. Three men came out, their hands in their pockets.

Fogarty moved fast. He shoved Joe into a doorway, shielding him as he whipped out a gun in each hand.

The three visitors moved in. The one in the middle was McGurn.

Joe forced his way from behind Fogarty and faced McGurn. "What do you want, Jack?"

McGurn sighed. "We miss you, Joe. The old Mill's a morgue without you."

"You'll get another act."

McGurn's penetrating black eyes never left Joe's. "You made your point, Joe." He paused. "It's time to come back now."

"Not a chance, Jack."

McGurn hesitated, then smiled and extended his open right hand. "No hard feelings, Joe."

Joe shook his hand.

Then McGurn turned to Fogarty and held out his hand. "No hard feelings, John."

Fogarty slipped one gun in his right hip pocket but kept the other trained on McGurn's heart as he clasped his hand. The social amenities concluded, the three hoodlums went back to their car.

Before stepping inside, McGurn turned. "I almost forgot, Joe. Gloria says hello."

A moment later the black limousine was hurtling down Diversey.

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"You're coming to my hotel," Fogarty said, as he put away his second gun.

"Nothing is going to happen," Joe said.

Fogarty glowered. "One night he'll come by and he'll be shaking hands with a Tommy gun."

"I'm not moving."

Fogarty knew that tone too well. "All right," he gave in. "But this has gone far enough. I'm going to see Bugs." Bugs was George Moran, boss of the North Side rum runners. Fogarty was confident he would get a square rattle from him. "I'll see Bugs between nine and ten in the morning." Fogarty accompanied Joe through the deserted lobby of the Commonwealth. "*Don't leave your room until I get there,*" he said.

Joe grinned. "You know I don't get up before one o'clock."

"Good evening, Mr. Lewis!" Casey, the elderly elevator operator, greeted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Casey!" Joe responded. It was a daily ritual between the two.

The elevator slowly ascended.

"Here's your floor, Mr. Lewis."

He walked into the empty corridor, lost in thought. He remembered the cold, vindictive look in McGurn's eyes.

Joe noiselessly unlocked the door to his room. Cap Goldberg was asleep. Joe started undressing. He pulled out a sheaf of hundred-dollar bills, his first week's pay, and his eyes glistened.

This was the big year—1927—the year Babe Ruth slammed sixty home runs. The year Tunney licked Dempsey in Chicago. The year Joe Lewis' salary went into four figures. He was on his way.

Dawn was breaking over Chicago when Joe fell asleep.

The shrill ring of the telephone awakened him. Joe sleepily fumbled for the receiver. "Hello . . ."

"Don' open da door," a man's voice warned him in a heavy Italian accent.

Joe roused himself. "Who is this?"

"Don' open da door—fa *nobody*." Joe heard the click of the receiver.

The other bed was empty. Cap had gone to work. Joe looked at his watch. It was 9:15 A.M.—the middle of his night. He turned over. But he could not sleep.

"Gloria says hello." That was the last thing McGurn had said. What would McGurn and his two men have done if Fogarty had not drawn both guns as fast as he had?

Joe slowly sat up. Everything was suddenly different. He had, for the first time in his life, a premonition of disaster.

The knock came at 10:30 A.M.

Joe, still in pajamas, clambered out of bed and, without hesitation, went to the door and unlocked it. The action was almost reflex: it did not occur to him not to open it or even to ask who was there.

Three men brushed past him. Joe automatically closed the door.

"Just one favor, Joe," the spokesman said. "Don't yell."

The spokesman drew a .45 revolver. One of his helpers pulled out a .38 and moved behind Joe.

Joe braced himself for the first bullet. It did not come.

An horrendous blow struck him

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from behind. He turned as he fell and saw the man with the .38 raising his arm to clout him again.

The third assailant was unsheathing a hunting knife.

Pain coiled around his brain, tighter, tighter, and sank its fangs deeper and deeper. A searing, blinding flash, and he felt his head being torn apart.

The two gunmen used the butts of their revolvers. They hammered his skull until he was unconscious, and they continued pounding.

The knifeman went to work. He punched the blade into Joe's left jaw as far as he could, ripped his face open from ear to throat, and went on cleaving impassively, like a butcher.

Joe did not yell.

HIS FIRST REACTION was an impression that he was drowning. He was lying on the floor, his face immersed in a pool of blood. He could not see.

Joe tried to lift his right hand to his eyes. The arm was devoid of feeling or strength. He tried his left hand. It obeyed his will, with difficulty. In a moment the first beam of light pierced the darkness. He had wiped the film of blood from his eyes. He could see, but everything was blurred.

His attackers had gone. He was alone, as far as he could see. At last he attempted to move his legs. He seemed paralyzed.

With tortured effort, he slowly turned his head. In the full-length mirror of the closet door he saw the horrifying image of a man, his left jaw hanging loose in a great raw flap, the splintered bones and slashed muscles exposed.

His trembling fingers inched their way to the top of his head. Blood was spurting from a gaping wound.

I might as well lay down and die, he decided, it will only be a few minutes. He remained motionless for several minutes. The blood clogged his throat and flooded his eyes. Slowly, every movement an agony, he lifted his good hand to wipe his eyes again.

He looked up at the clock—11:18. He wasn't dying as fast as he figured. . . . Maybe I ought to give myself a chance, he thought. Johnny Torrio walked away with three bullets in him. I'm as tough as Torrio. It's worth a try. . . .

He had to get to the phone. He focused on it. It was fifteen feet away. I should be able to make it. Hell, I got to make it.

Joe began crawling. A current of pain shot through his body. Both legs and his right arm remained helpless. The left arm had to support all of his weight as he dragged himself across the room. It took fifteen minutes and he nearly passed out several times but at last he reached the table next to his bed.

He tried to reach the phone but the table was too high. He pulled the cord and the phone crashed to the floor.

Joe picked up the receiver. The voice of an operator was on. "Number, please!"

"Help!" His slashed lips formed the word but no sound came out.

"Number, please!" the operator repeated.

Joe again cried for help but he

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He laughs at law and convention and laments, "Twenty years ago I was a nobody. Today I'm a nonentity."

was mute. He thought the line was dead and put the receiver back in the cradle. He did not realize that his vocal cords had been severed.

He tried to find an alternative but the terrible concussion had clouded his brain. Where was Mary Keane, the housemaid? As if he didn't know. Mary had strict orders not to disturb him until 2 P.M. He would be gone by then.

The door. That was the last means of escape. If he could only reach the door. . . .

He dragged himself to the door, leaving a trail of blood across the carpet. He reached for the knob, nearly blacking out before he touched it. The knob refused to turn. His hand was slippery with blood.

It took him five minutes to open the door. His strength was almost spent.

The hallway was deserted. He could not crawl any more. He had to get on his feet.

He clawed the wall with his left hand and pushed his body up. He swayed and fell to the floor. He kept trying—over and over again—until his nails were torn, until it seemed impossible that he had strength left to rise once more.

But he did.

Now he inched his way along the corridor. Every step was a hell. He knocked on the door next to his. Big Sam's. No answer. Where the hell was Big Sam? He kept on. Someone had to show up. He heard the elevator at the other end. Sooner or later Casey had to stop at the tenth floor.

At last the outline of a woman became visible. Mary Keane! Good old Mary was making her rounds.

"Mary!" Joe tried to call out, not knowing that he was incapable of speech.

Mary did not see him. He could tell by the preoccupied look on her face. Please, God, he prayed, lift her head just an inch. Don't let her go into a room before she sees me. Oh, Mary!

Mary lifted her head an inch and saw Joe.

He was overjoyed. Mary would bring help.

An instant later, Joe was plunged into fathomless despair. Mary, on seeing him, had fainted.

Joe clawed, pushed, dragged and drove himself along the fifty-foot purgatory past the prostrated floor maid, fading out of and back into consciousness. He reached the elevator at last. He tried to push the button but could not raise either hand from his side.

Instinct took over. He bowed his head and, with his last bit of strength, fiercely butted the elevator button. He listened to the buzzer signal, the most beautiful sound

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George "Bugs" Moran Pete Gusenberg Frank Gusenberg

A dour-eyed mobster, a pair of killers from the tenderloin who tried to protect Joe.

he had ever heard. He pushed it as long as he could and then slid to the floor, completely out, a triumphant smile on what was left of his face.

THE POLICE ARRIVED FIRST. "He's a goner." The younger cop shook his head. "I'll call the morgue."

The second cop got down on his knees and examined Joe more closely. "He's still breathing."

The two cops picked up Joe, piled him in their patrol car and rushed him to Columbia Memorial Hospital, three blocks away. The interne looked at the little man on the stretcher. "A black pill," he requested. Not much chance of this one reaching Surgery alive.

A call was put in for Dr. Harvey Cushing, the eminent brain surgeon. He was unavailable.

An emergency call was put in for any surgeon in the hospital.

Fogarty, Cap Goldberg and a dozen newspapermen paced the hospital corridor. Now and then, one of them would unroll a newspaper he was carrying and re-read the headlines in the afternoon extras:

CABARET STAR'S THROAT SLASHED!
VICIOUS KNIFING SILENCES COMEDIAN!
JOE LEWIS STABBED, NEAR DEATH!

Six hours had passed since Joe had been wheeled into Surgery. He was still on the operating table, clinging to a spark of life that had almost been extinguished countless times, only to be revived each time by a man he had never seen, an obscure general practitioner, Dr. Daniel Orth, performing the most miraculous operation of his career.

As Joe fought for his life, the wheels of the law—Gang Law, the only law that was enforced in Chicago during the anarchy of Prohibition—began moving. Fogarty inserted advertisements in the morning newspapers offering a reward

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Dion O'Bannion Joe Goldberg Dr. D. Orth

A gangland chief, a sentimental cop, an obscure doctor who worked surgical magic.

of $10,000 cash for the names of Joe's attackers. Bugs Moran, speaking for the North Side mob, pledged an additional $20,000 and assigned his ace torpedoes, Pete and Frank Gusenberg, to help Fogarty maintain a round-the-clock guard at Columbia Memorial Hospital. That is, if Joe beat the rap.

Moran knew what he was doing. If Joe lived, he would still be under a death sentence. McGurn would have to finish him, in self-defense, because he alone could identify his attackers.

That night, a Chicago correspondent for *Variety* optimistically wired his office in New York: "Joe Lewis may survive minus his voice, one arm and his mind. He was slashed from one end of his body to the other. The deepest of twelve gashes is in his throat, another deprives him of the use of his right arm and hand, while the most serious is his skull fracture. His brain is clouded, his tongue is ripped and useless."

McGurn's knifeman was positive he had killed Joe. He made a slight miscalculation: he missed the jugular vein by the breadth of a hair.

Joe regained consciousness the following day. He stared at his brother Al, who ran a clothing store in New Jersey and had caught the first train to Chicago, and Fogarty, who were sitting at his bedside. He tried to speak but it was impossible. He lifted his left hand and weakly made a sign that he recognized them, then lapsed into unconsciousness.

Al and Fogarty hugged each other. It had been only a moment of awareness but that moment was sufficient cause for celebration.

Hoodlums dropped in at all hours to inquire about Joe's condition and, while they were there, drink a few toasts to his health and take a hand in one of John Fogarty's

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continuous poker and crap games.

The newspapers demanded police action and the police went through the motions of an investigation, as they had and would in the murders of more than 5,000 citizens in Chicago during Prohibition, a saturnalia of crime in which they would establish an unparalleled record of detection unblemished by a single conviction.

Many theories were advanced, among them that Joe had attempted suicide.

Joe emerged from his coma in another twenty-four hours but he was incapable of uttering a sound. He struggled to speak for two weeks. At last, on Thanksgiving Day, he heard his voice again. It was a faint, hoarse whisper, strange and unintelligible, like the cry of a wounded animal. His speech center, behind the frontal lobe of his brain, had been destroyed. Not only was he physically incapable of articulation but he was powerless to think in terms of language. His subconscious groped for another tongue. He had learned a smattering of Hebrew before his Bar Mitzvah and had heard Yiddish in his home; he cudgeled his brain for a word, but none came.

Joe was in a panic. He remembered the lyrics of "Macushla" but he did not know the names of the objects in his room—the bed table, chair, curtains, mirror or light.

He wanted a pencil but did not know what it was called. At last he pointed to one in Fogarty's pocket. Once he had it, he could not write. His right hand was useless and his left hand could not form a letter any better than his lips had.

Frantic, he pointed to a newspaper on the table. Fogarty handed it to him. Joe stared at the front page. It might as well have been printed in Singhalese. The letters of the alphabet had been erased from his memory, along with all other learning—except "Macushla."

Joe turned his head and sobbed. His greatest fear was confirmed. He was crippled mentally as well as physically.

Days passed. There was no change in his condition. "He seems to have lost the will to live," Dr. Orth admitted.

Joe had given up.

THE DOOR OPENED and a middle-aged priest appeared in the doorway. "Oh, pardon me," he excused himself. "Wrong room." The door closed. A moment later the door swung open again and the priest reappeared. "Aren't you Mr. Lewis?" he asked.

Joe nodded.

The priest entered the room. "My sister has been telling me about you," he said. "She is in room 323. I always confuse it with yours, 332." He was beside Joe's bed. "I am Father Heitzer." He touched Joe's hand. "Can I help you, son?"

Joe stared at him. Help? What was that?

Father Heitzer pulled a chair close to the bed and sat down. "You must not be afraid," he said, speaking slowly and enunciating each syllable carefully.

"What has happened to you, son," the priest went on prosaically, "has happened to thousands of people after certain kinds of accidents.

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Joe, when dismissed from hospital. Bandages hide the fractured skull; scar shows where knifeman punched his blade. His tongue was ripped, his throat slashed.

You have forgotten how to speak and read and write."

Joe gaped at him through the heavy bandages that almost covered his face.

"I am an English teacher—at

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Notre Dame." The priest opened a book he had carried under his arm. "You must have confidence in me, son. I am going to teach you how to speak and read and write again."

It was an old story to Father J. A. Heitzer. He had been called to the bedsides of lawyers and truck drivers, prize fighters and statesmen, poets and peasants.

"The first letter of the alphabet is *A*," he said, pointing to the symbol on the opening page of his book, "The First Reader."

Joe looked at the letter. He had no recollection of having seen it before.

"You open your mouth like this . . . A . . . A . . . A . . . A. Repeat after me—A . . . A . . . A . . . A."

Joe tried. A croaking sound came out.

The priest beamed. "*Wonderful*, Joe! Once more. A . . . A . . . A . . ."

Father Heitzer came up from South Bend every Sunday. He brought large cards with letters printed on them and held them up for Joe to study. Slowly, with patient, painstaking effort, he retaught Joe the alphabet. Light filtered through the blacked-out areas of Joe's mind and he began to remember.

The letter *T* was the most difficult. It always came out *S*. For ten years he would lisp *bass* when he meant *bath*. He would never be able to pronounce *District Attorney*. The fastest-talking comedian in Chicago now struggled with *cat* and *dog*. Often he lost confidence, positive that he would never be able to speak again, but Father Heitzer always restored his faith and gave him the courage to go on.

"You *will* speak again," the priest reassured him over and over.

"Sing?"

Father Heitzer nodded, confi-

Lewis stalked the South Side hunting McGurn. Before he got him, rival hoods caught up with McGurn in a bowling alley, ripped him apart with a machine-gun blast.

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dently. "You will sing too, Joe."

Joe believed Father Heitzer. They had been born of different faiths but they were of the same faith.

It was a Sunday late in December. Father Heitzer had just complimented him on his progress and Dr. Orth had promised to discharge him before Christmas. For a man who could not move his right hand, who had a hole the size of a dollar on top of his head, who was stitched from his left ear to his jugular vein and whose memory was obliterated by vast expanses of darkness, Joe was at peace with the world and grateful.

Never again would he repeat the words he had said to Fogarty the day McGurn threatened him, "I can take care of myself." In room 332 he had learned that no man takes care of himself. For the rest of his life, wherever he was, he would rise each day, lift the window shade, look out and murmur in wonderment, "What do you know? . . . I made it again."

One day, Big Sam shuffled in, a doleful look on his fight-scarred face. "Bad news, Joe," he whispered. "McGurn's in the hospital."

Joe tightened. "Here?"

Big Sam nodded. "Went into a booth to make a call. Slugs bounced back. A couple went into his guts." Big Sam shook his head mournfully. "Bad news. The sonofabitch is gonna live."

Joe's friends were busy.

Cap Goldberg came in with Chief of Detectives Schumacher. "We picked up one of 'em," Cap whispered excitedly to Joe after he had quickly thumbed Big Sam out.

Joe's eyes, peering out from his bandages, betrayed no reaction. "We know he's one of the three," Chief Schumacher added, "but we'll need your identification—to make it official."

Joe shook his head.

"Don't be a damn fool," Cap growled. "This rat tried to kill you."

Joe shook his head.

"You're not putting the finger on him." Chief Schumacher's patience was running out. "We've nailed him. All we're asking is a little cooperation."

Joe continued to shake his head.

Cap Goldberg knew it was futile to argue with Joe when he could speak; in his present state it was insane. He nodded to Chief Schumacher, who left the room. "I think we're pretty good friends, Joe." Cap's voice quavered. "I've done you a couple favors and I think I got a right to ask you for one. I'm asking you to help us."

Joe reached for the pad and pencil Father Heitzer had given him. With his left hand he grimly and laboriously formed a crude, childishly blocked letter and another and another. At last he gave Cap Goldberg his answer:

WANT GET HIM MYSELF

SOMEONE BEAT HIM TO IT. Six days later, the knifeman was found in an alley, shot to death. Within a few months his two helpers were also liquidated by "a person or persons unknown."

Joe was released from the hospital four days before Christmas. He stood on the sidewalk outside

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Columbia Memorial, Fogarty holding his arm, and he took a deep breath. "Let's take a walk, John," he said.

They walked a long way, hardly exchanging a word. Joe was lost in thought. "Where are we going?" Fogarty asked at last.

"South Side."

Fogarty stopped. "Are you crazy?"

"I hear McGurn switched to the South Side."

"It's suicide crossing the line!"

"No guts?"

Joe smiled and his long jagged scar glistened in the harsh light of a corner street lamp. "McGurn took his best shot. He can't do anything more to me."

Fogarty grabbed his arm. "It's no good. Let's go home."

"Hands off, John. This is my business."

Fogarty felt the .45 in his shoulder holster. "Let's go," he said.

They were coming out of a South Side honky-tonk a few hours later when two plainclothesmen, friends of Joe, stepped up. "You've walked enough for your first night," one of them said. "My buddy and I have been tailing you more than an hour —and *we're* getting tired."

"Thanks, Mac," Joe said. "John and I are going to have a java and then hit the sack."

"Don't worry about McGurn," the plainclothesman added, noting a familiar bulge on Joe's hip. "He'll be taken care of."

Joe suppressed a bitter smile. The

A one-man cult with sophisticates, Lewis functions best in big-time intimate clubs.

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law would never take care of McGurn. This was not the State of Illinois versus McGurn. This was Lewis versus McGurn.

"I'll get him home right away," Fogarty assured the plainclothesmen. Satisfied, the officers waved good night and walked away.

Ten minutes later, on the next block, a newcomer on the police force who did not recognize Joe or Fogarty investigated the bulge on Joe's hip and, the following morning, he was back on the front pages of the Chicago newspapers. The *Tribune* reported:

"Joe Lewis, the well-known café entertainer, still bandaged from his near-fatal slashing six weeks ago, was arrested last night on leaving the Midnight Frolics Club with John Fogarty. Lewis was charged with carrying a concealed weapon."

Cap Goldberg was incredulous. "What the hell were you doing on the South Side?" he asked.

"Lookin' for McGurn."

"But Twenty-second Street and Wabash! You *really* asked for it."

"I started on Twenty-second and Wabash. The Midnight Frolics," Joe reminded him. 1925. Was it only two years ago?

TWO YEARS . . .

The Midnight Frolics was in the heart of the Levee, the most notorious red-light district in the country. Around the corner was the Four Deuces. Joe hung out there between shows.

Early one morning, Al Capone and his bodyguards stopped at Joe's table. "I hear you got a good act," the Big Guy, as he was called, told Joe. "Save me a table tomorrow night."

Capone became a regular customer at the Frolics. It was around the corner from the Metropole Hotel, his headquarters. Joe made the Big Guy laugh. There were not many who could.

One night Capone came in unannounced and went to a rear table where Joe was talking to Ralph Gillette, one of the owners of the Frolics.

Gillette jumped to his feet, bowed and held a chair for his unexpected guest.

Capone fixed his pig eyes on Joe. "Are you having trouble with Gillette?" he asked, ignoring Gillette as if he were not there.

Joe was astounded. He and Gillette had been wrangling over money but how did Capone know? Joe had not yet learned that Capone knew everything that happened in Chicago.

"No, Al," he said, "everything is okay."

Capone's face darkened. "If Gillette gives you any trouble, Joe," he went on, "*I'll* be your partner. You can pick out any joint in the Loop. I'll give you fifty Gs to open and I don't want a nickel profit."

"Thanks, Al, but I think I'll stick with the Frolics . . ." Joe paused. "For a while, anyway."

"The fifty's ready any time," Capone said and walked out.

"THAT'S ALL I was trying to do, just find McGurn." Joe told Cap Goldberg after the police picked him up.

There was no sympathy in Cap's

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Backstage at Joe's favorite stand, New York's Copacabana. One of the most popular of entertainers, he delights in kidding himself and his world of girls, gags and gaiety.

face. "And you claimed you were an entertainer," he said, "not a hoodlum."

Joe could not answer. He had begun to hemorrhage.

FOGARTY WAS MAKING his midnight check. He poured a fresh glass of water, opened the window and adjusted the shade. "Anything you need?" he asked.

Joe looked up. "Bulletin board still up?"

Fogarty nodded. He had posted daily reports on Joe's condition at the Rendezvous since the day he had been cut.

"Got a bulletin for you." Joe's words came out slow and studied.

Fogarty grinned eagerly. "I need a gag or two."

"It's not a gag. I'm opening in two weeks."

Fogarty was not sure he had heard correctly. It must be a joke or Joe's brain *had* been affected. "We'll talk about it in the morning," he said. "Good night, Joe."

"We'll talk about it now."

Fogarty saw that he was in earnest. "But you can't walk yet! You can't even—" He was a hard man but he could not finish the sentence.

"I can talk," Joe finished it for him.

Fogarty fixed his covers. "Go to

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sleep, Joe. We'll see what Doc Orth says . . ."

"I'm opening in two weeks." Joe looked up at his friend. "What do you want me to do, John . . . crawl back to the Green Mill and beg McGurn for my old job?"

Fogarty stared at the shrunken little man who did not have the strength to move his bedpan, who stuttered in a slurred tongue, whose horribly mutilated head was still in bandages. It seemed inconceivable that he could get on the stage in a year or two, if ever.

THE RENDEZVOUS was sold out within an hour of the announcement that Joe was coming back on January 28th, less than eleven weeks after his throat was slashed. Sophie Tucker gave up a $5,000 theatre engagement to be on the show with him. When Ted Healy, the master of ceremonies, brought him on the stage, every person in the room rose and cheered. They craned to see his scars and they shuddered at the sight of his head bandages. They stared in awe and respect at the man who had defied Machine Gun Jack McGurn and who had survived three of his killers.

"Joe! Joe! Joe!" They kept shouting his name, clapping, whistling and telling him in every way they knew how happy they were to see him.

Joe held up his hands, the right one moving only a couple of inches, but the customers would not stop until they realized they were embarrassing him.

"Thanks . . ." Joe was deeply moved and could hardly speak. The crowd understood. The orchestra played another chorus of his opening song. He stalled, fearful of the first note. "It was like this," he said. "Three of the boys came up to my room to talk over old times . . ." He knew what he wanted to say but his delivery was uncertain and inarticulate, he was lisping in a pathetic gibberish. "They told a few jokes and I laughed so much I thought I'd *die*."

Hardly anyone, even at the ringside tables, caught more than a few disjointed syllables of the macabre and incoherent jest but everyone laughed and applauded.

"After a while, the boys got a little rough," he continued in a pathetic, unintelligible rasp. "The next day I sent them a sharp note." He paused and the crowd surmised it was time to laugh again.

"I'll say this about getting your brains beat out," he went on in a tongue known only to himself. "Once is all right, but not too often . . . My croaker, Dr. Orth, took one look at me and said he wanted to be paid in advance."

Fogarty and Captain Goldberg, standing in the back of the room, looked at each other. Their worst fears were confirmed.

Joe tried to clear his throat, unaware that he would speak with an impediment the rest of his life. He went through his repertoire, faltering hoarsely until he was almost inaudible, but they made him come back for encore after encore until he was compelled to beg off by pointing painfully to his throat.

Again the crowd gave him a deaf-

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ening ovation. He ran off the stage. Another moment, and he would have broken down.

He was slumped in a chair at his dressing table, his head buried in his arms, when Fogarty came in. "You were great, Joe!" he shouted.

Joe looked up. "You're a lousy liar."

"They nearly tore the house apart. What more do you want?"

Joe stood up, disconsolate. "I'm finished, John. I talk like a drunken immigrant. A drunken immigrant!" He picked up a song sheet on the table. "The material is the same—but I'm not."

"You're nuts," Fogarty kept punching, "they were in hysterics!"

"Out of pity. I don't want charity—theirs or yours!"

Joe carried on for almost three weeks. His voice became weaker and the customers fewer. Only three or four tables were occupied the last night. Even with the waiters helping, the applause was a death rattle.

"Thanks for everything, John." He gripped Fogarty's hand.

"You'll be back," said the big fellow confidently.

Joe nodded. "As an acrobat."

Fogarty came to his room in the morning. "Here's reservations to Miami," he said, handing him a thick envelope, "and enough dough to keep going a while."

"No loans." Joe pushed the money back. "I'll never get caught up."

"It ain't a loan, it's an investment." He pressed the envelope in his hand. "The sun'll bake out that voice. You'll be back at the Rendezvous in no time . . ."

Joe left for Florida, unaware that Federal Prohibition agents had padlocked the Rendezvous a few hours previously.

Prohibition, with its saturnalia of murder and corruption, would die but it would take thirteen years, ten months and twenty-nine days to prove that blood was as important as whiskey. Those who lived by the gun, the torch and the bomb would die by them: the Gusenbergs on a St. Valentine's Day, Dion O'Bannion in his florist shop, Bugs Moran, Dutch Schultz and hundreds of lower-class hoodlums. Capone would die quietly, of paresis. McGurn would get his in a bowling alley, a ten-strike of bullets from "a party or parties unknown."

Joe Lewis would survive because of his indomitable will, a strength born of a humble and overwhelming desire to live so that he could entertain people, so that he could make people laugh. His voice would become a rasp, he would be incoherent for ten years, his right arm would be paralyzed forever, the left side of his face would be a jagged scar that created a perpetual smile. But Joe had the last laugh. The kings of his Chicago are dead. The joker is still wild.

Perfect Tribute

ON MOTHER'S DAY a minister gave this perfect tribute: "My mother practices what I preach." —*Capper's Weekly*

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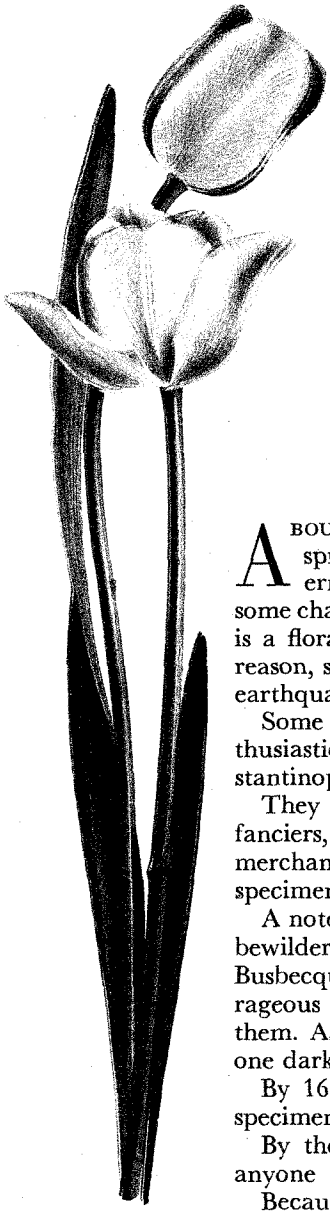

The Flower That Almost Ruined a Nation

by LOUIS SARBACH

Men made millions overnight, or were ruined, in the mad tulip speculation

ABOUT NOW, TWO BILLION TULIPS are beginning to spread a springtime flood of color over the Northern Hemisphere. Look closely at one of these handsome chalice-like blooms, for this innocent-seeming flower is a floral Lorelei that once destroyed men's ability to reason, stripped them of their fortunes, and rocked with earthquake violence the economy of a powerful nation.

Some 400 years ago, one Ogier de Busbecque, an enthusiastic amateur botanist, brought back from Constantinople the first tulips ever seen in Western Europe.

They aroused considerable excitement among flower fanciers, and it wasn't long before nobles and wealthy merchants were offering sizable sums for outstanding specimens.

A noted Dutch botanist, Carolus Clusius, developed a bewildering array of new tulip varieties from seeds of Busbecque's original stock. But he demanded such outrageous prices for bulbs that no one was willing to buy them. As a result, they were all stolen from his garden one dark night.

By 1600, owning tulips was high fashion, with rare specimens sure signs of affluence and prestige.

By the 1620s, the fad had become a fever. Almost anyone with garden space was raising bulbs.

Because of the single-colored tulip's unpredictable

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habit of "breaking" into bizarre and beautiful "sports," there was always the exciting possibility that a new variety of exceptional interest might appear. When this happened, fanciers were soon waiting in line to bid for offsets. Successful purchasers hurried home to set about growing offsets of these offsets, impatient to gather in the gold men were eager to give for the treasured bulbs.

Europeans everywhere were infected by the tulip passion—but in 1634, in Holland, it became a wild speculative mania. Thousands of normally staid Dutch citizens neglected their businesses, quit jobs, mortgaged homes and property, converted life-savings into cash, and poured every florin and stiver they could lay hands on into tulips —and even more often into mere *promises* of tulips. For by now the trade was in futures: bulbs still in the ground, the offsets from which could not be delivered for months.

Weavers were no longer weavers; they were tulip traders. So were carpenters, tinkers, college professors, coachmen, chimney-sweeps, footmen. From nobles to nobodies, they plunged their resources into tulip futures.

As the market went up and up, fortunes were made overnight, then doubled the following week. The commodity exchanges of Rotterdam and Amsterdam abandoned their ordinary business and became tulip exchanges. Public notaries became tulip notaries.

In small towns, taverns became the headquarters of local trading clubs where tulip deals were made around the clock. Most transactions were on paper, only a small percentage in actual cash ("wine money," it was called,) being handed across as earnest for each deal.

"I have often been at inns," writes one tulip trader, "eaten baked and fried fish, meat, chickens, rabbits, and fine pastry, drunk wine and beer from morning to three or four in the afternoon, and arrived back home with more money than when I left."

Prices paid for popular rarities soared to incredible heights.

To one dealer came the following shipment (valued at 2,500 florins): two loads of wheat, four loads of rye, four oxen, 12 sheep, eight hogs, 125 gallons of wine, 144 gallons of beer, two barrels of butter, 1,000 pounds of cheese, a suit of clothes, a completely furnished bedstead, and a silver drinking cup.

For all this he delivered a single *Viceroy* bulb!

Buyers of the real champions dug even deeper. A *Gouda* bulb went for 3,000 florins at public auction; an *Admiral Liefken*, 4,400.

King of them all was the magnificent *Semper Augustus*, a superb tulip with pointed white petals finely streaked with scarlet. In 1636, at the lunacy's height, a single *Semper Augustus* sold for the astonishing sum of 5,500 florins.

With everyone raising tulips, the real bulb fanciers knew that the supply sooner or later was bound to exceed the demand. Early in 1637, they dumped their holdings on the market without warning, cashing in at the ridiculously inflated prices and buying land, gold, gems and

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other commodities of stable value.

With a roar much like the one this nation heard in October, 1929, bulb values collapsed. Everyone now wanted to sell tulips; no one wanted to buy them.

Semper Augustus bulbs that had commanded the lordly sum of 5,000 florins each dropped to 500, then 250, and stabilized finally at a gloomy 50. Lesser varieties fared even worse.

Men who had been millionaires (on paper) found themselves with a handful of worthless bulbs as debtors refused to pay on their tulip contracts until they had been paid by *their* debtors who, in turn, made equally futile efforts to collect the money owing *them*.

Holders of tulip contracts swarmed the courts, frantically demanding forced payment. But the magistrates were powerless: the promisors had nothing left to pay with—only tulips.

Actions for breach of contract were threatened but the courts refused to recognize the contracts, describing them as gambling transactions that were without legal standing. And there the matter rested.

The speculators who had sold before the crash kept the fruits of their luck. The thousands caught in the scramble to sell their tulip stocks or paper promises were left to bear their calamities as philosophically as they could.

Substantial businessmen had been reduced to beggary, noble fortunes ruined beyond salvage. The weavers and servant girls who had suddenly become rich beyond dreams, as suddenly found themselves back in their old familiar obscurity. The fantastic tulip madness was over.

Only the true fanciers' fervor for fine tulips came through unscathed. These men still tended their gardens, striving as before and since to perfect new, ever more appealing varieties.

Holland herself learned to look at tulips rationally. She fell in love with them, rationally; and made them an important business. And today, from a tiny North Sea area of about 30 square miles of actual growing acreage comes the vast majority of the drab bulbs responsible for the world's annual springtime riot of beauty.

Pajama Talk

"ONE PAIR?" asked the salesman politely of a woman buying men's pajamas in a New York department store.

"Well, of course!" she replied. "What do you take me for—a bigamist?"

—*A.M.A. Journal*

A GIRL shopping for a birthday gift for her brother asked the price of an attractive pair of men's pajamas on display.

"$42.50," answered the clerk.

"For $42.50," announced the girl as she headed for the necktie department, "they should have a man in them."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

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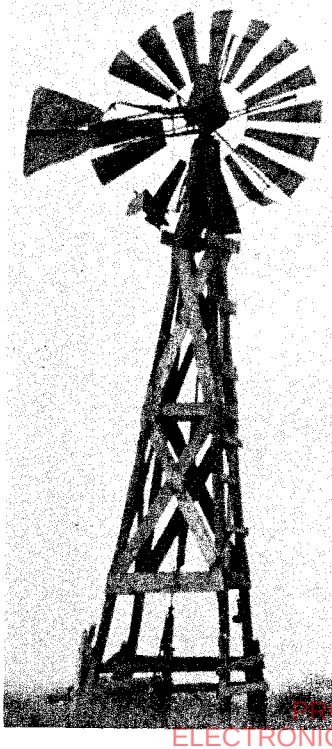
MAN AGAINST DUST

IN THE HEART of America's breadbasket, the Great Plains and the Southwest, disaster chokes the land. The farmer's face and hands are chapped raw; the tongues and throats of his family are thick and dry. Dust swirls aimlessly about in thick clouds, reducing the sun to the glow of a light bulb in a tan haze.

In many sections, the eye sees nothing but a vast empty wasteland resembling an African desert. This is the great drought area of the '50s —a dust bowl covering 10 states, five seriously, embracing 187,500 square miles, 120 million acres of formerly fertile farmland, and endangering the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of families.

Hardest hit are northern New Mexico, eastern Colorado, western Kansas, and the Oklahoma and Texas panhandles where 20 million



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The heavy clouds of dust that darken the horizon are sweeping fertility away from some of our best farmlands

acres are blowing away and 120,000 farmers are fighting to save their soil from the frightful 60- and 70-MPH winds which suddenly rise up.

Wherever farmers of the stricken land gather, opinions divide as to whether present conditions surpass the terrible days between 1933 and 1938.

One of the hardest hit and representative regions in the present drought is Kit Carson County, Colorado, some 90 miles east of Denver.

"I understand it was so dry up in Stratton, Colorado, the other day all the cows were givin' powdered milk."

"That's nothin'," another farmer rejoined, "up our way a fella' poked his finger in the air and you could see the spot for a week."

This is the sardonic humor of men struggling in the dust. They know that no single day of rain can restore the land or end the drought. What they need is a steady drizzle for weeks on end.

What caused the dust bowl this time? There is no simple answer.

Non-farmers say too much land has been plowed up; farmers reply they did what the government asked them to do during the war—grow a lot of food. Cattlemen point accusing fingers and suggest the land should have been left in grass, never turned to wheat; the wheat grower snaps back that some of the nation's choicest grasslands are also smothered in silt.

But what is most important to the farmer in the drought area is not the cause, but the cure.

He can pray to God for rain; plow up his land in order to create windbreaks; he can rotate his crops; and he can irrigate.

But dust storms aren't man-made.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAL BERNSTEIN

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The fields ache for rest from the winds;
they need the tonic of steady rain—weeks of it

DURING THE BIG BLOW of the '30's, Kit Carson County's once rich wheat lands were turned into fields of fine sand. Hard work and progressive farming restored the soil. Again the winds have come and again the County faces the prospect that $50-an-acre land could be on the block for pennies. In a normal year, 325,000 acres of wheat are sown and 300,000 harvested. In 1954, 260,000 acres were planted; only about 1,000 harvested. Ordinarily the County gets 16.8" of moisture. It got 6.6" in 1954. For many farmers, 1956 will represent the fifth successive crop loss. From behind plastic-covered windows designed to keep out sand, farm children peer out over parched farms and wait for the rain.

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The farmers talk and plan and pray; but the winds keep blowing and the rain doesn't come

NORMALLY WORTH $10,000,000, Kit Carson County's crops in 1955 brought an estimated $660,000, largely from irrigated land. As a by-product of the drought, only 37% of the livestock are left in the area. The farmers meet regularly. They have petitioned Congress and the State Legislature for help. They have signed up for conservation payments and crop support—$1.00 per acre for "listing" their land, tearing up the crops to keep the soil from blowing away. Out of 1,100 farmers in the County, nearly 300 have had to seek full-time employment in non-farm jobs; about 150 have left the County. Most of the farmers live on credit, and on bank and government loans. This year's crops won't pay the mounting bills.

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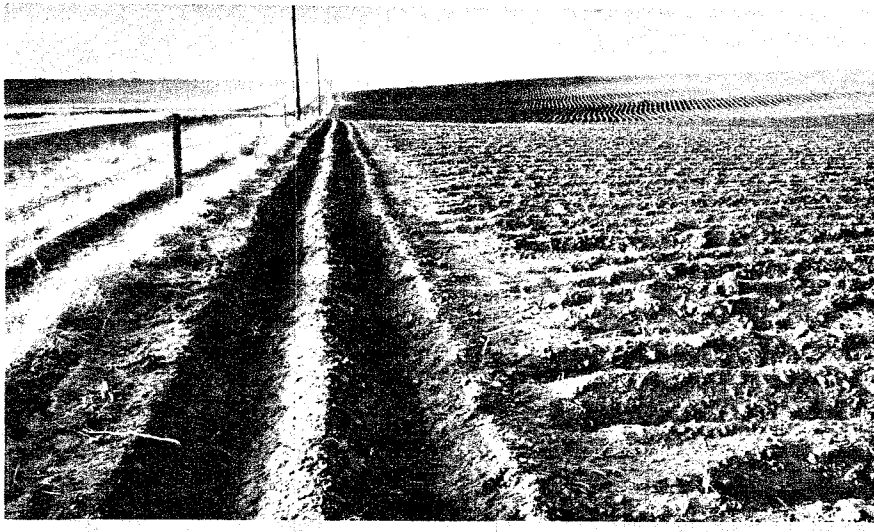

Against the dust the farmer employs
his only two weapons—courage and water

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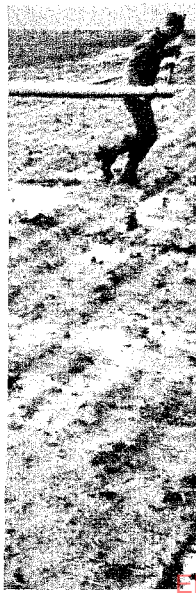

FARMING IN A DUST BOWL isn't farming; it's salvage work. Fighting the drought keeps the farmer on his feet fully 20 hours a day. It means constant "chiseling"—plowing up clods of sub-soil around the crops to act as windbreaks; clearing tumbleweed from barbed wire to prevent sand from building up and burying the old fences; saving what few dried stalks have survived.

If the farmer is lucky, he uses irrigation. Although impractical for wheat acreage because of the prohibitive initial costs—$10,000 to $20,000 to irrigate a small feed crop—farmers are sinking wells throughout the stricken areas. In many places, long pipes are connected to the irrigation pumps and sprinklers attached and at six hour intervals around the clock, the heavy pipes are laboriously moved to different parts of the dry fields.

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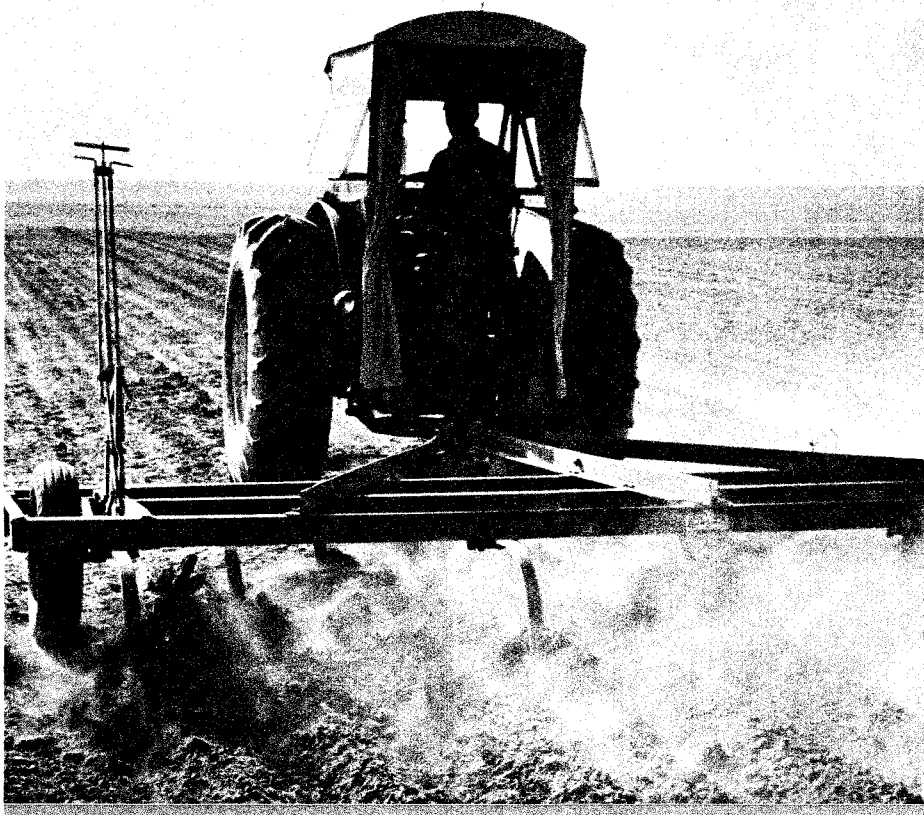

A little water brings a little growth; it nurtures the injured soil—and the farmer's spirit

THE FARMERS OF THE Great Plains and the Southwest are discouraged but at the same time they are confident of the future. "This thing," drawled one, "will blow over. This weather is terrible, worse than the 'Dirty Thirties,' but we can't quit. Not when it's gonna' rain any day now." The dust bowl farmer of the '50s is not selling out as he did in the '30s. He knows there's always tomorrow and hopes that every day is one more out of drought.

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"I Remember Grampa"

by Vic Whitman

Only one thing could frighten the intrepid old man. And, this time, if he didn't stand up to it a boy's faith would be shattered

Because my paternal grandfather met trouble head on, I grew up believing he was the bravest man in the world. He had a favorite saying, "Never run from fear, run at it." And with only one exception, he always ran at it. I knew for sure there was only one exception because my parents lived just a block away and I was over at his house about as much as I was home.

Grampa's appearance was as impressive as his courage. Six feet tall and straight as an Indian, with black hair and flashing black eyes, he could cow with one frowning glance the hardiest law breaker who ever appeared in municipal court where he sat as judge.

His voice was resonant and confident and he had a fine sense of the dramatic. Thus he was much in demand as a speaker, especially on the 4th of July and at Memorial Day services where he inevitably climaxed his stirring address by pointing at Old Glory and shouting, "—and for that flag!" For some moments he would hold the pose standing statue-like, arm outstretched, chin quivering, eyes moist from the fervor of his own oratory. It never failed to bring down the house.

One of the things that confirmed my belief in Grampa's courage was the way he stood up to the bull the day he took me blue-berrying. We picked over into Dobbs Cullen's pasture before we realized it, and the first we knew Dobbs' big, ugly Jersey bull was bellowing threats about 50 feet away.

Grampa said calmly, "Stand still, boy." Then he walked briskly towards the bull, shouting, "Hi! G'long out of here! Hiiii!"

I'll never know why, but that bull shied away and went back to join the herd, shaking his head and pausing now and then to look

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Grampa stood jiggling the pole; his face was gray and drawn.

around at us. As we climbed over the stone wall, I was convinced that Grampa was afraid of nothing.

His Achilles heel—the one exception—was a thunderstorm. Whenever a heavy shower came up he would go into his little study, pull down the shades and literally sweat it out.

The summer I was 11, I walked in on him once during an old slambanger when he'd forgotten to lock the door. From the hunched-up, motionless way he was sitting, as well as from the unheard-of sharpness of his voice as he ordered me out, I knew something was wrong.

When I asked Gram what was the matter, she told me in strictest confidence that, in his boyhood on the farm, Grampa had been knocked unconscious by a bolt of lightning and had lived in mortal dread of thunderstorms ever since. It was doubly hard for me to comprehend this because nobody had ever told me I should be afraid of lightning, and for Grampa to fear something I wasn't scared of was incredible.

But that same summer when I saw Grampa come to grips with a thunderstorm I realized Gram was right.

Grampa's favorite sport was skip-fishing for pickerel, which requires only a ten- or twelve-foot rough bamboo pole without a reel, about an equal length of line, and almost any bait that will trail invitingly through the water.

The August day Grampa and I rowed up to the head of our town's little lake was hot and sultry. But we forgot about that when, on reaching the big cove of weeds and bullrushes and bare, gaunt skeletons of trees, we heard the splash. It was about 30 yards away, near a big patch of lilypads.

"That's a big one, boy," said Grampa eagerly. "That's the critter we want to get."

Rowing over into the widening circle of ripples, he shipped his oars and prepared for action. A rumble

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of thunder sounded. At once Grampa lifted his eyes to study the black clouds that were beginning to boil up over Patch Mountain. He seemed pretty anxious.

"Where in blazes did that come from?" he asked.

"It's been making up for quite a while," I told him. "You had your back to it rowing up so I guess you didn't notice."

Grampa tugged at his ear, a trick of his when he was worried.

"It looks like a regular ding-buster," he said slowly. He tugged some more and said, "We'll go ashore. If we hustle we can make it up through the field to Will Dobey's before it hits."

Kid-like, I said, "Why don't we stay and fish? We got slickers and sou'westers in the locker under the seat."

"It's not so much the rain," began Grampa, and then the first flash of lightning came, zig-zagging across the black sky, vivid and menacing. I saw Grampa flinch. As the thunder rolled out with a heavy, metallic sound he said, "Hand me that oar, boy, quick!" There was an urgent note in the higher pitch of his voice that made me remember what Gram had said.

In time I learned that fear of lightning is widespread, varying in degree from mild apprehension to abject terror, and that a heavy thunderstorm is pure torture for those who are deeply afraid. But then, I only knew with a feeling of bitter disillusionment that Grampa, hitherto the very soul of bravery, was scared.

Without meaning to, I let on to him how I felt. I said, "Well, look. I'll put you ashore and then I'll come back and fish."

It must have sounded as if I were saying he was afraid, because he put down the oar and stared at me. Perhaps he realized he was setting me—his only grandchild and the apple of his eye—an example that might make me afraid of thunderstorms forever after. At any rate, his lips pressed tight together as he wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Get out the slickers," he said.

WE HEARD THE RAIN first—like a rushing wind—then we saw it coming across the water, churning the calm surface into millions of tiny silver platters.

Another vivid flash of lightning came as Grampa stood slowly up to fish. Once on his feet he stood rigidly, head bent, as if braced for the bolt that might hit him. He kept his face turned from me.

The lightning flashed again, with an instant, ripping crash of thunder.

Through the driving rain I caught a glimpse of a tall pine tree close to the shore. Part of the tree, split off by the bolt, was falling to the ground.

Suddenly I felt funny inside. Grampa stopped jiggling the pole and half turned around and I saw that his face, under the sou'wester, was gray and drawn. It scared me.

"We better go in," I yelled.

He shook his head with unnecessary violence.

"No need to," he yelled back. "Worst of it's over." He glared up at the sky and roared at the storm,

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"Confound it all, that's enough! Now quit it!"

The rain was coming down in torrents now, pierced by flash after flash of lightning and punctuated by rolling, booming, crashing thunder. It was foolish to stay out on that lake—although Grampa never would admit it—but stay out we did while he fished and fought it out with the storm, shaking his fist and shouting defiance at the lightning and the thunder. And, ever so gradually, his head came erect.

The big pickerel struck at the very height of the storm, smashing into the bait with a swirl and a lunge. Grampa let him have it so long I thought the fish would spit it out; then all at once he gave a heave on the pole. The great fish came part way out of the water and fell back.

Any other time I'd have let out a yelp at sight of a fish that big. Now I didn't make a sound. I just sat there feeling kind of trembly inside and every so often looking over at that split tree on shore.

But Grampa didn't seem to notice. He was giving all his attention to the line. Bending his back, he gave another mighty heave and the pickerel came out of the water, this time all the way. Long, graceful, torpedo-like, it sailed through the air to Grampa who dropped the pole and caught the fish in his arms, then lost his balance and sat down hard.

I wasn't in a laughing mood, but I guess I grinned a little at the astonished look on Grampa's face as he dumped the flopping pickerel in the bottom of the boat.

"That's what I call really catching 'em," he chuckled, picking himself up.

About then we both became aware that the storm was passing away in the distance. About then, too, Grampa noticed my lack of color.

"You're pale," he said solicitously. "Do you feel all right?"

I nodded, eyeing the pickerel and absently figuring it would weigh around six or seven pounds. Finally, I looked up at Grampa.

"I know you tell me not to be afraid of anything," I said, "but when that big crash came, I was kind of scared."

Grampa reached over and patted me on the shoulder. The expression on his face was calm and serene, like that of a man who has finally chased something dangerous away. My own moment of fear had given me understanding of the odds Grampa had fought against, and had brought back my faith that he was still the bravest man in the world.

"I'll tell you a secret, boy," he said. "I was kind of scared myself."

Object Lesson

GOLF IS A GAME in which a ball 1½ inches in diameter is placed on a ball 8,000 miles in diameter. The object is to hit the small ball . . . not the large one. —*Tick Tock*

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An expert charts a

MASTER PLAN FOR YOUR FINANCIAL SECURITY

- **By following this sensible point-by-point program**
- **—even with a moderate income—you can start**
- **blueprinting a future free from money worries**

by DONALD I. ROGERS
Financial Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*

MORE RICH PEOPLE are being created today than ever before. Moreover, a great many more so-called "poor" people are able to retire at a respectable age, on a decent income, than in all history.

This is not because of the advent of more pension plans, nor is it because of social security. It's due entirely to the fact that more people are making sufficient money so that, with proper management, they can enjoy comfortable, carefree old ages.

Today, all hard-working young people can look forward to this happy prospect, if there is proper planning for it. But it's the kind of planning that has to be started *now*. If you would provide for a comfortable retirement you must:

1. Learn how to save.
2. Learn how to invest.
3. Live off the proceeds.

It may sound unbelievable but it's no easier for the $150,000-a-year man to save money than it is for the shoe-shine boy paying college tuition from his comparatively meager wage. Statistics show that the savings ratio of the wealthy is not, as a rule, much greater than that of white collar workers.

So even if you have only a moderate income your chances of saving more, and ultimately investing more, to make your old age secure, are very good indeed.

Decide, then make it stick. How

This article includes excerpts from the new book, *Save It, Invest It, and Retire*, by Donald Rogers, nationally known counsel on personal finance, published by Henry Holt & Co., N.Y., $2.95.

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much to save is a hard thing to determine. There's no real guide, no definite code.

I have put my calculations into percentages, based on present conditions, but it should be remembered that, irrevocably, things will change. The table below is based on a family of four—man, wife and two children.

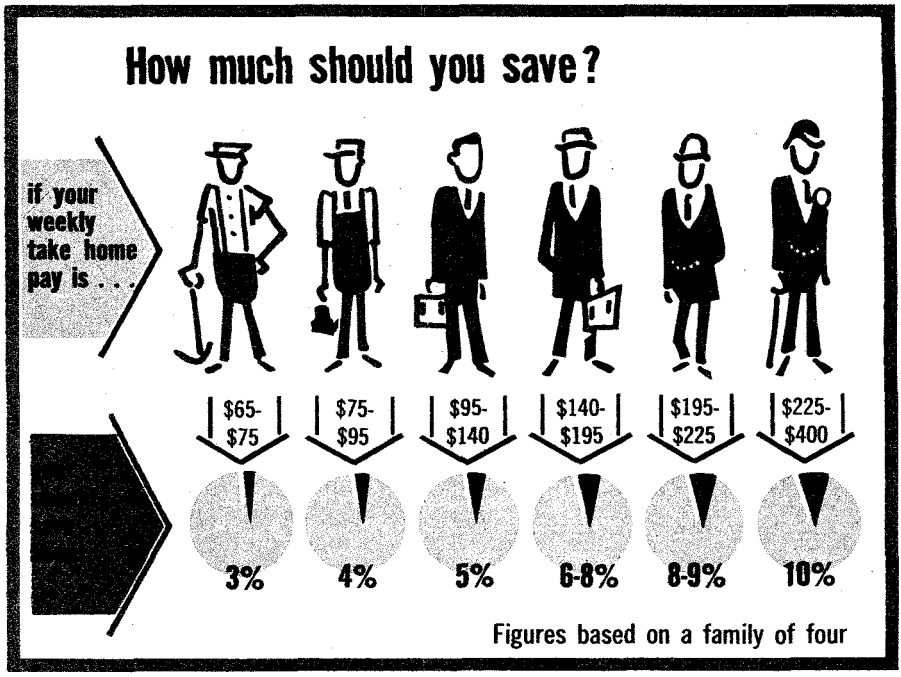
Decide how much you are going to save, then make it a regular charge against your income, just like your light bill or rent or mortgage. Make the payments to your savings account, come hell or high water!

If you don't, you're cheating no one but yourself. It's as silly to cheat here as it is for a man with a heart ailment to "sneak" in a game of tennis.

The person who has a schedule for savings is not a hoarder. His concern is with the rate of his savings, with the *regularity* of his savings, with the maintenance of his schedule and plan. Thus, while the hoarder watches the *balance*, the saver watches the *program*.

The main thing is, save it regularly. That's the beginning of independence, of freedom from worry, of security and happiness.

Try some "forced" saving. Savings need not always be in cash. It is possible, through careful selection, to buy a home that becomes an



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investment. And I believe the purchase of a house, or some real estate, is essential in the savings program of a man of ordinary means who wants one day to be able to retire.

Buying a house as a means of "forced" savings provides a repository for a certain "saved" amount of monthly "rent." A homeowner is, indeed, paying money to himself rather than to a landlord—plus four and one-half or five per cent interest to a bank, plus taxes, plus insurance, plus upkeep, plus improvement, plus the loss in depreciation—if any—on the structure.

If you count in all the plusses, and still can afford to buy a home, then do it. It's a sound and solid part of the savings program. Buy as nice a home as you can afford. Stretch a bit, if you have to. It'll be worth it in the end.

The homeowner will get his rent back from his property only when he sells his house. Until then it is an asset, countable in figuring his net worth. But it's a frozen asset until the cash is in hand.

Owning real estate, too, is a hedge against fluctuations in the economy. In economic fluctuations, real estate and cash savings are on opposite sides of the movement. For example, when there's inflation, the value of dollars saved in *cash* depreciates. But at the same time, the value of real estate will be higher. In times of depression, the value of saved cash will increase, even though the value of real estate decreases.

Thus, it's good to have both cash and real estate in a savings program.

Get the most out of insurance. Perhaps the most important step in a full savings program, however, is a plan for life insurance. Sound personal finance calls for the ownership of some kind of insurance. And a policyholder can benefit equally as much as his beneficiaries if he will make the effort to learn all that his policy can do for him.

The cheapest kind of life insurance is called "term" insurance. It's probably the most impractical. It serves one purpose only—to insure the life of the person named in the policy for the length of time covered in the payment of the premium.

The next to the cheapest insurance anyone can buy is straight life or ordinary life. It is the most useful, flexible, practical kind. You don't have to die to get the benefits. Yet, if you do, your beneficiaries receive full payment. It provides savings, investment, security and even—if you handle it right—your own private built-in retirement plan.

With a straight life policy, in 20 to 30 years there is enough cash-surrender value to provide for paid-up insurance equal to a large part of the full value of the policy.

The thing to remember is that as you grow older your beneficiary will not need so much money as when he or she was young. When one is 65, he does not have to leave as much money to his wife and children as he would have to at 35 or 45. When you're ready to retire, you'll need less life insurance, and your straight life policy will be flexible to your changing needs.

You can, upon retirement, get

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LIFE INSURANCE CHECK LIST

What $100 a year will buy for a man aged 25

Type of Policy	Features	Average Annual cost per $1000 Insurance	Amount of Insurance $100 will buy	Cash value at age 65 per $100 annual cost
Term (10 Year Renewable & Convertible)	Provides insurance but has no cash or loan value. Policy renewable at higher rate when it expires. Also convertible to other forms.	$7.22	$13,850	None
Straight Life	Provides insurance, has cash or loan value. Premiums pay able at level rate until death, or you may stop paying premiums after age 65 and elect to receive a regular monthly payment in place of continued insurance protection.	$16.56	$6,038	$3,604
Limited Payment Life (40 years)	Provides insurance, has cash or loan value. Premiums payable at level rate only till age 65. Insurance in force till death.	$20.17	$4,957	$3,787
Mortgage Insurance (20 years)	Provides insurance to pay off mortgage if breadwinner dies. Value decreases with size of mortgage, but premiums remain level. Payment for 18 years covers a 20-year mortgage. When mortgage is paid off, insurance stops.	$9.54	$10,482* (*Average. Coverage begins at $20,964, decreases to 0)	None
Retirement Insurance (at age 65)	Blends annuities and endowments with your social security coverage to give you an adequate income, after retirement age, for life. Should you die before retirement age, your family receives either face or cash value, whichever is greater.	$30.32	$3,331	$5,261
Endowment (at age 65)	Provides insurance only till maturity date, face value of policy at that date. Has cash or loan value, level premiums.	$21.76	$4,595	$4,595
Annuity (at age 65)	$43 monthly income to you starts at age 65. If you die before then, your family gets refund of premiums paid in.	No Insurance $100 annual payment	No Insurance	$6,800

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back the money you have put into your policy, minus the cost to the company of insuring you through the years, but *plus* some earned interest which the insurance company will pay for the use of your money.

For the average family with an average savings program, I recommend straight life insurance programed this way:

1. Buy just as much insurance as you can possibly afford while you are young and have dependents.

2. When this protection is no longer needed and retirement is in sight: (a) stop paying premiums; (b) take a portion of the cash-surrender value of the policy in cash or as guaranteed annual income (depending upon whether cash is needed to help accomplish the retirement, such as buying a small part-time business); and, (c) leave the remainder as paid-up insurance.

The initial steps toward security have been taken when you are:

1. Saving cash regularly—in a bank, in a Savings and Loan Association or in some other safe place.
2. Saving with savings bonds.
3. Saving through insurance.
4. Saving with real estate, if this is possible.

THE HOW, WHY AND WHEN *of investing in stocks*. There will come a point, not long after you have your full savings-program running, when it will be wise to do a little careful investing in stocks and bonds.

For this it is necessary to study the stock market and to understand it. First learn *how* to invest, then *why* to invest, then *when* to invest.

The cardinal rule in investing is *consult your broker*. You may want to buy stocks outright, or you may want to buy them on "margin," whereby you pay only part of the purchase price and owe your broker the remainder, for which you are charged a monthly interest fee. I do not recommend buying on margin for the amateur investor because if the value of the stock falls below a certain level, you will be called upon for more money; if you cannot pay this immediately, your broker has the right to sell your stock at a loss in order to regain his loan to you.

You may want to buy stocks on a pay-as-you-go basis through the Monthly Investment Plan which has been set up by the New York Stock Exchange.

Or, you may desire, instead of any of these, to buy mutual funds, which are nothing more or less than securities in a corporation whose business it is to trade in stocks and bonds. This means, in effect, that your money in a mutual fund is a "managed investment." Someone else does the investing for you and you share in the profits, or losses. This is a good way for the small investor to have diversified holdings.

Winthrop H. Smith, managing partner of the huge brokerage house of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, has supplied the chart on page 124. It shows a hypothetical purchase program in which $25 a month was allowed to accumulate to a total of $300 a year. At the start of each year, this was invested in good representative stocks.

Result: Total saved—$3,000. Stocks worth $6,047.

Here, then, are the main con-

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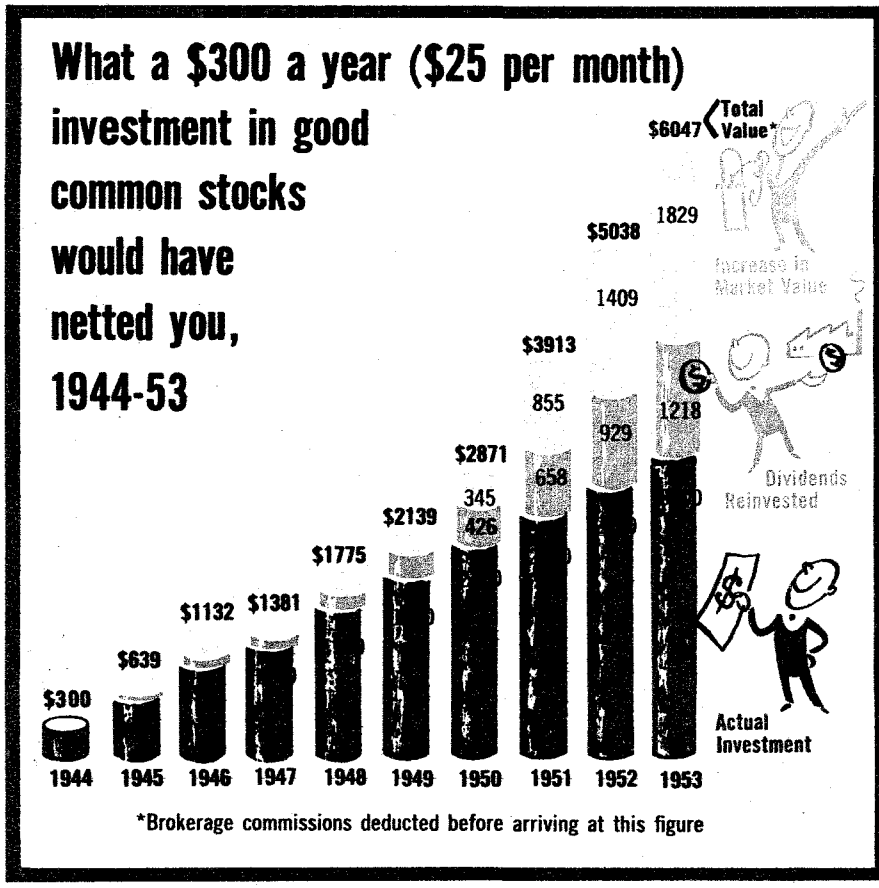
siderations of a good investment program:

1. Buy good common stocks. Common stocks are the ordinary shares of a corporation, available to the public through brokerage firms. They need not necessarily be the "blue chips," that is, securities of exceptionally high quality and excellent records (General Motors, American Tel. & Tel., du Pont, etc.). They might be, instead, securities of a substantial company in one of the so-called growth industries such as chemicals, aircraft, petroleum, etc.

Some Wall Street counselors advise newcomers in the stock market to buy *investment* rather than *speculative* stocks. An investment stock is one with a long record of regular dividend payments and whose price



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is relatively stable. A speculative stock is frequently one without a record of dividend payments but which some experts believe will be worth more money in the near future; consequently, its price will probably fluctuate much more sharply.

2. Whether you buy investment stocks or speculative stocks, however, you should diversify your holdings. If you own stock in an automobile company, for instance, you might want to also own the stock of a chemical company, and a good utility, and a soap manufacturer. Then, if a sustained strike or some economic storm hits one particular industry, you won't find your dividends cut off entirely, and the whole portfolio of your holdings depressed in price.

3. Buy your stocks at regular intervals, so that you will have the benefit of increases and decreases in price as the economy of the country changes.

4. Reinvest your dividends. They constitute a definite part of your savings and investment program.

Now—*what to do with it all.* One day you'll have saved enough, in cash, in insurance, in equity in your home, in bonds, and you'll have made enough in your investments so that you can see your way clear to retirement. You will have enough money to retire when:

1. You can take the cash-surrender value of a good portion of your life insurance and add it to your investments.

2. Your savings account is sufficient to handle any emergencies.

3. Your investment in your house is sufficient to buy you a smaller, less-expensive place and will permit adding a substantial amount to your investment portfolio.

4. Your investments, with the cashed-in portion of your life insurance and the equity of your house added, will yield you a sufficient, safe income. (In time, if you qualify, you can count on the benefits you will receive from social security as well.)

Leave $1,500 to $2,000 in your savings account to take care of unforeseen expenses. Leave $3,000 worth of paid-up life insurance for final expenses. The rest of the money you have saved is yours to invest so that you may retire.

You should realize at least 6 per cent from your investments. So it's easy to figure out just how much you'll need.

Now, what about Social Security? Obviously, it cannot be considered the *basis* for any retirement program but it should be calculated in your long-range planning. A husband reaching 65 is entitled to retirement benefits under the Social Security plan. A single woman or widow is entitled to the same benefits at 65. The wife of a covered husband is also paid a benefit at 65—one-half of what is paid to her husband.

There are numerous other benefits under Social Security including death benefits and dependency benefits for widows and children under 18 years of age.

On the following page is a chart which indicates approximately what you can count on from Social

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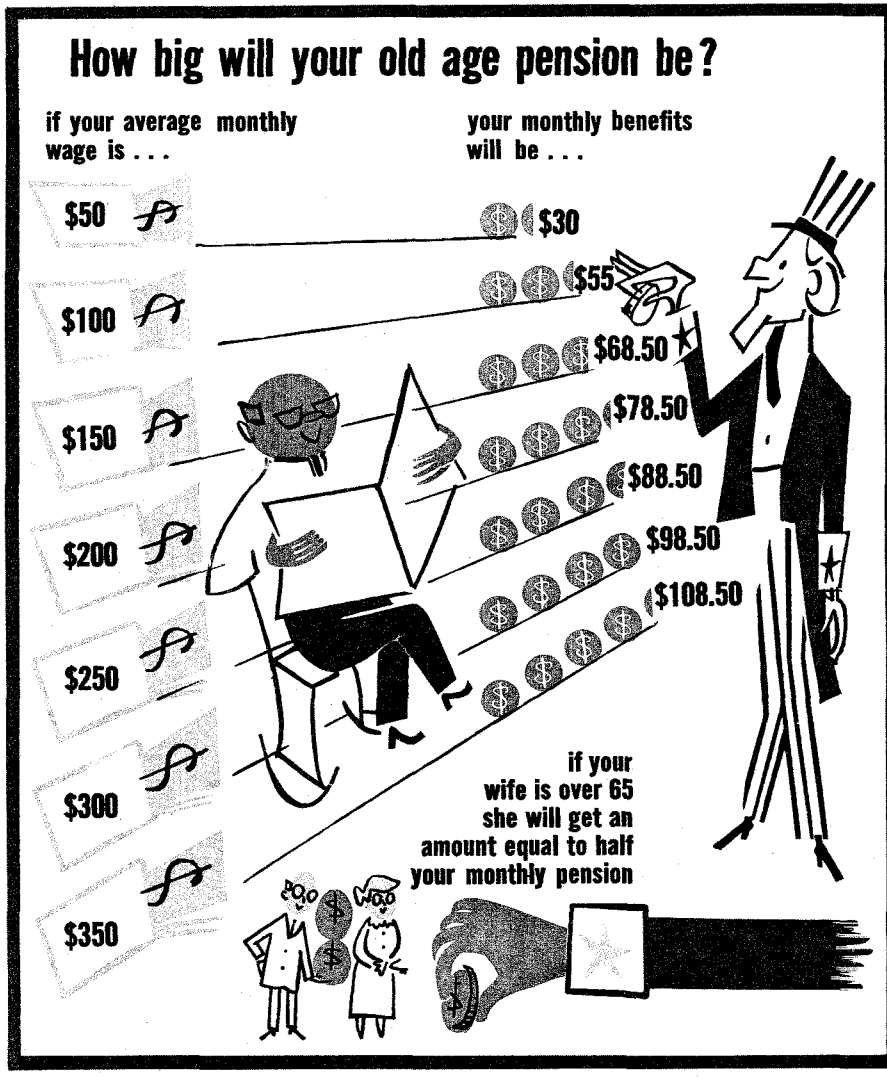

Security when you reach age 65.

Obviously, the kind of detailed financial program I have outlined is heady stuff, and it involves risk. But it *can* be carried out. And remember this: you do not have to be rich in order to enjoy a carefree retirement in your twilight years. If you carefully plan for it in advance, financial security is no harder to attain than any other goal that you have in life.

With so much to be gained, it's worth trying.

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Race courses in the sky, pedigree pigeons who need love, schemes to trick your bird into flying home faster than other birds: that's the lure of . . .

Poor Man's Horse Racing

by LEONARD A. STEVENS

ONE MORNING RECENTLY, a New Jersey man entered the pigeon loft behind his garage and placed a mirror beside one bird's perch. The pigeon ruffled up his feathers and pecked furiously at his own reflection.

"That bird will be ready in a few hours," the man told the friend with him. "He's on the 'jealousy system.' He has decided that the bird in the mirror wants to steal his perch. Tonight he will be shipped to Washington for a return race tomorrow. And you can bet he will fly like a fool to get home and protect his perch."

The ancient sport of pigeon racing has grown tremendously since World War II. Participants (called "flyers") now number in the hundred thousands; and they have invented all kinds of systems to hurry homing pigeons back to their lofts when races are held on weekends from spring to fall. Their race courses, each from 100 to 1,000 miles long, crisscross America.

For a race, homing pigeons are shipped by truck or train out along these courses and released. The man with the fastest bird home wins fame in the pigeon world, and often a pocketful of cash.

Competition is stiff and successful pigeon racers work overtime on schemes, like the jealousy system, to speed up their birds. Sex, for example, is the drive in the widowhood system. In training, the males learn that only after a race will they be allowed to mate. When they are released on a course, they fly hard because of the urge to get back to the hens.

One flyer invented what might be called the bug-in-the-egg system. He carefully breaks open a pigeon egg, cleans it out, and seals a live fly inside. The eggshell is then placed under a brooding pigeon, who feels the fly buzzing in it and thinks

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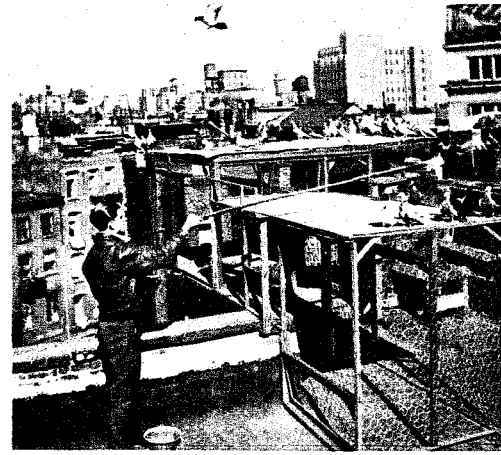
JUST as in any sport, training is arduous, competition stiff. Some "flyers" give their birds daily training flights of 50 miles or more; others exercise pigeons around their own lofts. Before a race, entrants are numbered, shipped to starting point and liberated for flight home. With a complicated timing device, each owner records exact second bird returns, then results are computed. Prizes include certificates, trophies, even "Hall of Fame" awards.



City "flyer" trains bird at his rooftop loft.

a baby is about to hatch from it.

When the father bird takes over the egg-setting job—as male pigeons do each day—the mother is shipped out on a race. Naturally, she flies home as fast as she can to see if the youngster has arrived. The man claimed this system makes a winning bird out of an otherwise very ordinary pigeon.

Once pigeon racing gets into the blood, a flyer is usually infected for life. Among the nation's pigeon racers are men, women and even children. A Salt Lake City architect is a flyer. A Jersey City doctor races pigeons from a hospital roof. An army sergeant, a truck driver and a printer are among New York City's best-known pigeon racers.

A racing pigeon is, of course, not the street variety. He wears a numbered metal leg-band which shows that he is registered with one of two nationwide pigeon associations, the American Racing Pigeon Union and the International Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers, Inc. The bird's racing record and family tree may go back to great great grandparents in Europe where pigeon racing is a national sport.

Top racing birds can bring up to $1,000, but plenty are advertised in pigeon-racing journals for $10, or even less. With a male pigeon and a mate, the flyer is off to the races, for a pigeon family expands rapidly.

THE PIGEON FLYER breeds and culls until he develops pigeons fit for long, arduous races. A few wealthy pigeon flyers hire managers to take care of their birds, but the great majority are do-it-yourselfers who use every spare moment—and sometimes every spare cent—to raise good racing pigeons.

Prior to and during the racing season, pigeon flyers figure out

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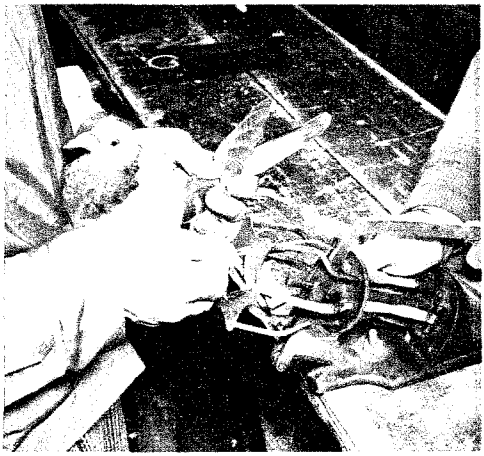

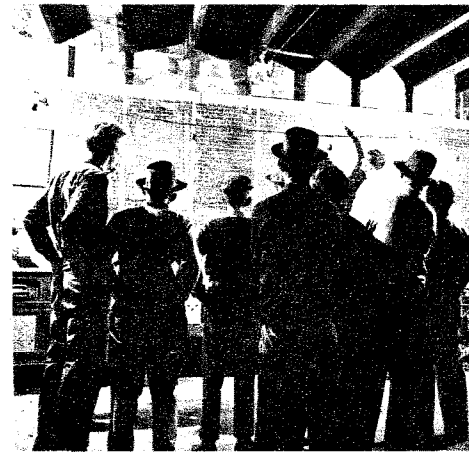

Birds are numbered for big race (left). Owners anxiously await results (right).

ways of making their birds take stiff training flights every day. In some places, special trucks chartered by pigeon-racing clubs haul the birds perhaps 50 miles or more each morning for training flights. Other racing men train their pigeons around their own lofts; the birds are released and the flyer keeps them away from the loft by waving a long pole with a grain-bag flag on the end.

Most races are sponsored by individual pigeon-racing clubs or "combines" of geographically-associated clubs. Clubs in each area have at least one race course (from 500 to 1,000 miles long) with starting, or "liberation" points spotted 100 miles apart along the way. Young birds fly the shorter races.

Chicago's older pigeons, for example, fly 500-mile races from Columbus, Nebraska; Salt Lake City birds race from Barstow, California; and New York City pigeons often start in Salisbury, North Carolina.

Before a race, the flyers arrive at their clubhouse with their entrants. A numbered rubber band is placed on a leg of each bird and they are then put in baskets and shipped by truck or railway express—usually overnight—to a liberation point.

Each flyer has a "pigeon timer," a complicated clock costing about $80 when new. Before leaving the clubhouse, all synchronize their timers and an official seals them. At the race's starting point, the birds are liberated.

When a racing pigeon hits the finish line (the entrance to his loft) his owner quickly removes the rubber band from the bird's leg and drops it into an opening on the timer. He then turns a crank which seals the band into the clock and records the exact time.

At the clubhouse, the timers are unsealed and the race results com-

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puted. The exact distance from the liberation point to a man's loft (this figure is found for racers by special air-line survey companies) is divided by each bird's time to determine his average speed in yards per minute. The fastest bird, of course, wins.

The best pigeon flyers concentrate on what they call "day birds," pigeons that can fly at least 500 and sometimes 600 miles from dawn to dark. Sometimes pigeons will average nearly a mile-a-minute over the long courses.

Pigeon racers still don't know how a homing pigeon finds his way home. Scientists have tried hard to supply the answer, but the mystery remains.

The homing instinct, however, is not infallible, as many think. Sometimes nearly all the birds in a race will go astray, and no one knows exactly why.

Recently, 500 birds from Berlin were released in London. They headed toward home as usual. But not a pigeon showed up in Berlin the first day. Two more days passed, still no birds. On the fourth day, one exhausted pigeon arrived. He was the lone survivor of the race.

For some mysterious reason a bird that has performed fantastic navigational feats will just disappear. Radar has been blamed for ruining the pigeons' homing instincts, but nobody has proven this theory.

If the instinct works, a good racing pigeon either gets home or dies doing it. Races are cancelled when bad storms are forecast, but occasionally the birds are caught in severe weather. The good ones keep plugging on and often arrive badly bruised and beaten.

Hawks are blamed for the loss of many racing birds. When the tower of a high building was torn down in New York a few years ago, a large hawk's nest was found full of pigeon skeletons. Many still had their metal legbands intact.

At a yearly convention of pigeon racers recently, a flyer's wife was asked what she liked best about the sport.

"Why, the way the homing instinct develops," she answered. "Not with the birds—with my husband. In this sport he's always home—right where I can put my finger on him—out in the loft among his pigeons."

Gadgets Galore

HOW FORESIGHTED it was of the pioneers to bring so many things with them that their descendants could turn into cocktail tables, wire for lamps or plant ivy in. —*Kansas City Star*

MODERN GADGETS are wonderful. In the old days we had to pull burned toast out of the toaster. Nowadays it pops up automatically.

—*Wall Street Journal*

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Diet Can Be Dangerous

a reduction, he states, sets up a potentially dangerous situation, for salt is an essential constituent of the fluids of the body which bathe individual cells. This is confirmed by Dr. Wright Adams of the Department of Medicine, College of Medicine, University of Chicago.

Dr. Adams, speaking about a normal salt balance, says, "The body's ability to retain salt is such that the normal person may reduce his intake to ½ gram daily and still keep his body's supply intact . . . I refer to normal people at usual environmental temperatures."

The salt-faddists point with pride to certain substitutes for salt; they do *not* mention the drawbacks of these substances. Now there *are* substitutes for salt. However, they all lack an authentic "salt taste." Moreover, those containing lithium are toxic; those containing sodium are not true substitutes (since the ingredient of table salt which causes retention of water is sodium); those with potassium are harmful in patients with some forms of kidney disease. In the absence of kidney disease, the potassium salt substitutes are, however, permissible.

Citro-carbonate defeats the purpose again since it contains sodium. Monopotassium glutamate is harmful in some forms of kidney disease because of its potassium content.

Yet salt-free seasonings are frequently sold even when they are potentially dangerous. Even when medically banned, I am told, exclusive food shops will keep such products "under the counter" and sell them on request only. The stubbornness of those who resort to what they believe is a salt-free diet passeth understanding.

Dr. Adams, in discussing the widespread fallacy that a salt-free diet is beneficial in weight reduction, has this to say: "There are two possible explanations for the popular misconception about its value. One is the undoubted fact that the weight drops greatly in patients with pronounced water retention, that is edema or dropsy, when the excessive water is removed by salt restriction. *These patients, however, lose no fat as a result of salt restriction.*

"The second basis for the misconception is that the weight of normal people can be modified slightly as they make adjustment to increased or decreased salt intake.

"Thus, if one eats a very salty meal, he becomes thirsty, drinks extra water and weight may rise two, three or, rarely, five pounds. Within

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a few hours the extra salt and water are disposed of and the weight returns to normal.

"Conversely, excessive sweating or restriction of salt intake may be accompanied by a *short-lived loss* of a few pounds of water."

The current fad is the third emergence of the self-imposed salt-free diet as a panacea. A French physician started it around 1906, and the idea gained momentary popularity. In 1921, it recurred for a short period. It's with us again.

ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO, the medical profession became aware of a very localized disorder, acutely troublesome. After study it was named "Stokers' Disease." It was experienced by ship stokers, men who worked in intense heat as a daily routine. These men were often incapacitated by fatigue and resultant prostration, and suffered severely.

A study of this rash of disorders revealed that it was largely due to sweating. And in the remedial angles advised by physicians, the cure was simple: salt tablets placed at the water coolers, plus an educational campaign to teach the workers to take plenty of the salt tablets as an antidote against the salt losses experienced by sweating.

Workers heeded the suggestions. As a result, the disease was brought almost completely under control.

However, valuable study has been ignored by many who could well take its lessons to heart. According to Dr. Mary E. Evans of the University of Kansas, excessive sweating has not been fully understood by many parents. She warns that children need extra salt in their diet in hot weather.

"The low-salt syndrome should be suspected when a child becomes lethargic or loses his appetite in hot weather," she says. "If untreated, the conditions may become fatal. Children with fibrocystic disease of the pancreas are particularly susceptible to heat stress and should receive extra sodium chloride during warm seasons."

An editorial in a recent issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* may be aimed at physicians who prescribe the salt-free diet in perfectly good faith. It stresses the point that it is almost impossible to maintain a patient on a truly low-sodium diet outside of a hospital with special metabolic service. The editorial states flatly ". . . in patients with renal damage there is the danger that hypochloremia and uremia may occur as a result of the restriction. In the treatment for essential hypertension, which in most patients runs a benign course, no consistently good results have ever been reported from the use of a low-sodium diet."

The medical profession in general is fully aware of the danger of the self-imposed low-salt diets. In a statement addressed to the public, the Illinois State Medical Society issued this emphatic warning:

"Any person who succumbs to the popular fad in the hope of losing weight or reducing blood pressure may be sadly disappointed, since the effect of sodium restriction is largely the loss of water, not tissues, from the body. The water is quickly

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replaced because of the resultant thirst.

"Low-sodium diets without medical direction are dangerous to life and health, and largely futile, since little or no fatty tissue is lost. Don't do it, unless your doctor orders it."

I have known many people who have gone on a low-salt diet without the advice of their physician. They claim that it has improved their health.

I mentioned this to an acknowledged expert in the field. He smiled. "I don't know why it is, but usually the most intelligent people seem to think they are qualified to prescribe for themselves," he said. "Physiologically, a saltless diet is the equivalent of running across a mine-field in the dark. It is dangerous, as serious as trying to land a jet plane on a dead stick. Reduced salt intake can only be carried out under the care of a physician who has made a close and detailed study of the physical condition of the patient.

"No layman is ever qualified to put anyone on a low-salt diet. It may result in death. It is so foolhardy I can't understand why otherwise intelligent people do it."

The implications of his remarks seem to be clear and unmistakable: *The self-imposed salt-free diet is dangerous!*

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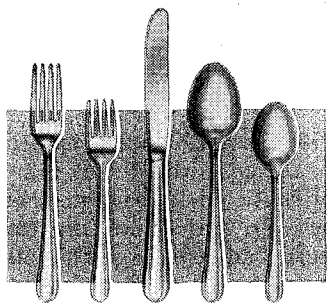

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Buried alive, unable to cry out or move, he could only pray . . .

"God, Send Someone!"

by DICK SULLIVAN

AT 4:00 P. M. last June 14, my brother Jack Sullivan was about to lower himself into a ten-foot-deep trench, which ran down the center of Washington Street, a main thoroughfare in West Roxbury, Massachusetts. Jack is a welder, and he wanted to finish one particular part of his job before he left.

Jack said goodby to the other men as they quit, took his welding lead in his hand, and lowered himself and his electric power cable into the trench. It was his job to weld the joints of a new water main. He lowered his mask to protect his eyes against the bright welding arc, then went to work on the inside of the joint.

At 4:30 he began to weld the outside. Halfway through, it happened—the bank caved in and tons of dirt came crushing down on him.

Jack was buried in a kneeling position, his nose flattened against the inside of the shield. He tried to move but couldn't.

His nose began to pain him. It was bleeding. He couldn't move his head. He had his eyes open but everything was black.

Jack tried calling. Three times he shouted. The sound of his voice died in his shield. He tried to breathe slowly to preserve the supply of oxygen.

It crossed Jack's mind that he might die. He began to pray.

Something cool crossed his right hand. He wiggled his fingers. They moved freely. His hand had not been buried. He tried to scratch around with it to open up an air passage down his arm. But the weight of the earth was too great.

Then it occurred to him that he'd been holding the welding lead in that hand. So he fished around with his fingers. He found the rod, still in the holder.

He grasped it tightly and moved it, hoping it would strike the pipe. Suddenly, his wrist jerked and he knew he had struck an arc—the electric current would be making its bright orange flash. So he kept on tapping the pipe.

"That must look like something," Jack thought to himself. "A hand reaching out of the ground striking an arc against the pipe. That must really look like something."

He wondered how much gasoline was left in the engine-driven welder up on top of the trench—

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whether it would last until dark when the orange arc might draw attention. Darkness wouldn't fall until nearly nine o'clock. Still, if he had enough oxygen in his little tomb and if the gasoline held out . . .

He thought of the hundreds of people passing within feet of him up above. He thought of his family and wondered if he'd ever see his little grandson again. He thought of Tommy Whittaker, his assistant, on another job out on Route 128.

He figured there wasn't anything to do but lie there and wait and keep tapping flashes, and hope enough air filtered into the mask to keep him alive . . . there wasn't anything to do but lie there and pray: "God, send someone . . . someone . . ."

Out on Route 128, Tommy Whittaker quit work for the day. Whittaker was 47, Jack 41. They were close friends. He did not know that Jack was on the Washington Street job.

Tommy Whittaker got in his truck and started off down Route 128, a super highway that would get him home in minutes.

But as Whittaker drove, he began to have the feeling that something wasn't right.

He tried to shake it off but the strange, inexplainable sensation grew. He thought that he ought to check the Washington Street job. He dismissed the idea. It meant driving six miles out of his way at the peak of the rush hour.

Whittaker reached the intersection of Washington and Route 128—and suddenly he turned. He did not try to explain it to himself. He just turned . . . .

Meanwhile, Jack continued to pray. It was the same simple prayer: "God, send someone." The bleeding in his nose hadn't stopped, and the blood ran down his throat and began to clot. "God, send someone." He spat the blood out, but it was difficult. Things were getting hazy . . . .

Tommy Whittaker stopped his truck at a spot several blocks away from the cave-in and chatted with the engineer there for 15 minutes. Whittaker did not mention the gnawing sensation that would not leave him alone. The time was 5:45 P. M. It was still broad daylight.

Back in the trench, Jack struck

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some more arcs. The clot of blood in his throat was getting harder to bring up. He continued to pray, "God, send . . ."

Tommy Whittaker got into his truck and started home again. The gnawing sensation, if anything, grew stronger.

He reached his turn-off to get back to 128 by a short cut. If he stayed on Washington Street, he'd have to go still farther out of his way.

Whittaker braked for a brief instant—then continued on up Washington . . .

Underground, Jack gave up striking the arc. It was making him breathe too hard. He didn't think he could last much longer . . .

Above on Washington Street, Tommy Whittaker got out of his truck, noticed the welder was running. He thought someone was probably inside the pipe, welding the inner circle. Nothing seemed unusual.

Then Tommy Whittaker saw the hand . . . the hand moved!

He jumped down into the trench and dug with his bare hands. The earth was too packed. He scrambled out of the trench, raced through traffic across the street to a garage and shouted, "There's a man buried alive over there! Gimme a shovel."

Then, back across the street he ran. Garage men followed.

"Send for the police," he told them. "There's a fire box down the street. Pull it."

Tommy Whittaker began to dig. He uncovered a wrist watch. He thought he recognized the band. He kept digging, until he uncovered the man's side. He saw the man was still breathing weakly.

Then Tommy Whittaker recognized my brother. Jack had fainted. Whittaker dug frantically.

The rescue squad arrived. They applied an oxygen mask to Jack while they dug him out.

Jack revived slightly when they put him on a stretcher. It was 6:30 P. M. He spied Tommy Whittaker. "Who found me?" he asked.

"I did," said Whittaker—and the gnawing sensation that had been bothering him went away.

The Missionaries and the Head Hunters

(Answer to Noodle Annoyer on Page 38)

Designating the missionaries as M, and the head hunters as A, B and C (the head hunter who can row), here's how it's done:

C rows A across and returns alone.
C rows B over and returns alone.
M moves M and returns with A.
M moves C and returns with B.
M moves M and C returns for A.
C returns for B.

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HER RICE BOWL WAS NOT BROKEN-

Ahn Wha-sil was found by a Korean railroad, her mother and father missing . . . her stomach swollen with hunger. How many days and nights she had tried to look out for herself, how long it had been since she had eaten and what, Dr. Oh, examining her a week after orphanage admittance never found out. He didn't even know if good care could save her, if it was not already too late.

Last month a television photographer, taking movies of Dr. Oh's CCF Orphanage, was intrigued by Ahn. He writes, "Our only way of talking was to smile at each other. We became close friends. She hung on my coat sleeve throughout my filming and was such a pert, happy imp. Her warmth easily penetrated the bleak Korean winter. It was difficult to believe that the poor, sickly, emaciated little thing Dr. Oh had examined was this happy, lovable child. And to think it was only by a slim chance that she was lucky enough to be one of the few among hundreds to be picked up that day."

There are still 35,000 homeless refugee children in South Korea—neglected, friendless and wretched children. Korea is no longer on the front pages and it is so hard to get help for them.

No gift is too small to show a child a bit of mercy. Or you can "adopt" a pitiful, homeless child and have him placed in a Christian Children's Fund orphanage-school and given a decent chance in life. The cost, $10.00 a month, is the same in all of the following 28 different countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States and Western Germany.

Incorporated in 1938, CCF is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.

For information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

RICHMOND VIRGINIA

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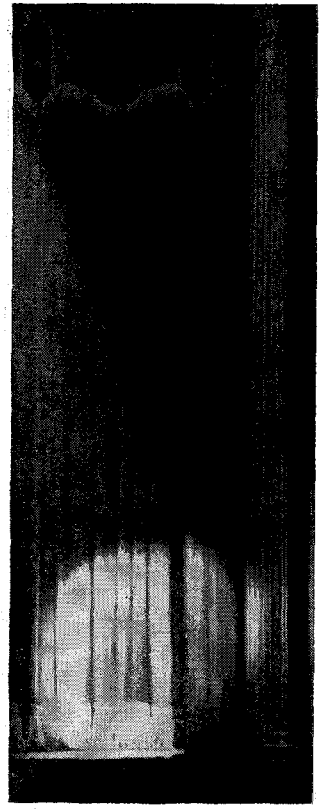

Last December two great entertainers, RKO Radio Pictures and General Teleradio, formed a team. The resulting corporation, RKO Teleradio Pictures, Inc., brings together traditions of fine showmanship in the highly complementary fields of motion pictures and radio-television broadcasting.

More tangibly, it joins acres of studios, a world-wide system of film exchanges, the largest network in all radio, and a roster of important radio and television stations. And now, together, each is a

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greater performer. RKO Radio Pictures wins the weighty support of Mutual Broadcasting System and leading television stations—and they, in turn, gain an unlimited supply of fine program material featuring Hollywood's greatest stars.

Today, the new team is playing to a bigger house than ever. For America enjoys more leisure—and demands more entertainment at the theatre and before the television set—than at any time in its history.

Only RKO Teleradio Pictures, Inc. blends entertainment values by combining motion picture production with television and radio broadcasting. The exciting result is more and better entertainment—at your local theatre and on your favorite radio and TV stations.

RKO TELERADIO

Better Show Business for All—

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This is RKO Radio Pictures

Against a background of increasing box office attendance, and under vigorous new management, RKO is humming with activity destined to bring you the finest in film entertainment.

Soon-to-be-seen at your local theatre will be Howard Hughes' six million dollar Technicolor-Cinemascope production of "The Conqueror" starring John Wayne and Susan Hayward. No picture has had such world-wide acclaim in so short a time.

Vivacious Ginger Rogers, after too long an absence, is back at RKO working on her new picture "The First Traveling Saleslady." That romantic pair, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, will star in the hilarious comedy, "A Bundle of Joy." And Jean Simmons finds another delightful vehicle for her versatile talents in "Stage Struck."

In the belief that great stories make great movies, and as proof that RKO will bring the finest to the screen, RKO has purchased "Cash McCall" in the most spirited bidding yet made for a nation-wide best seller!

When you see the symbol of the new RKO you'll know it means GREAT ENTERTAINMENT.

This is General Teleradio

One of the nation's leading Radio and Television companies, comprising one nation-wide network, two regional networks, six television and seven radio stations. General Teleradio continues its rapid and dramatic growth.

It consists of—

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM—world's largest network with 550 stations. Its performers include Walter Winchell, Eddie Fisher, Les Paul and Mary Ford, Gabriel Heatter and a host more.

LEADING TV and RADIO STATIONS—
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Los Angeles KHJ-TV, KHJ
Boston WNAC-TV, WNAC
Hartford WGTH-TV, WGTH
Memphis WHBQ-TV, WHBQ
West Palm Beach WEAT-TV, WEAT
San Francisco KFRC

Watch for the fine TV feature film presentations of the exciting 750 movies in RKO's film library to be seen over these TV stations...soon.

TWO LEADING REGIONAL NETWORKS
On the West Coast, the Don Lee Broadcasting System of 45 stations in 5 states. In New England, the Yankee Network of 23 stations in 5 states.

PICTURES, INC.

through Motion Pictures and Broadcasting

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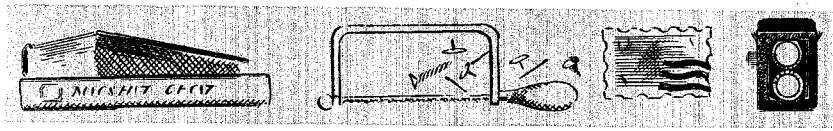
Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to shop comfortably and profitably in the columns below. Each month you will find here offerings of products, services, educational and sales opportunities that may be of interest and value to you.



FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. 5th Av. shoes as low as $9.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for Free 28 page booklet ET. No risk to you. Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Av., New York 17.

IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. Y-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

FREE "Sew-It-Yourself" Catalog of Ready Cut products—Dresses, Aprons, Baby Shoes, Etc. Plan to earn extra money with your sewing machine included. $2.00 per hour possible. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

FUR-REMODELING direct by mail at 50% savings! Your old worn fur coat into glamorous new style cape or stole for only $22.95. For our one low price we clean, glaze, repair fur, lusterize to like-new sheen, remodel completely, add new lining, interlining and your monogram! Send for Free Fur Style Booklet today. I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. Q-14, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

RESTORE-N-Keep aluminumware bright the E-Z Way. New, clean, quick, easy way avoids hard scouring. Add E-Z Way to water, heat; dunk aluminum till bright. Saves time, money, labor, manicures. Safer around children, pets. 80¢, $1.35, $1.75 ppd. with money-back guarantee. E.Z. Way, 1202 S. Kellogg Rd., Brighton, Mich.

YOUR Handbag, umbrella or shoes renovated and repaired. Complete services; new wood or glass heels, toes out, backs out, platforms out. Mail articles, prices submitted before processing. Pete Walker's, Box 183, Gastonia, N. C.

FOR THE FAMILY

COOKBOOK—Magnificent, new 325 page volume for creative hosts and hostesses. Esquire Cookbook, just published, contains over 750 recipes from gourmet delicacies to scrambled eggs. Over 200 color illustrations. Only $5.95 postpaid. Beautiful gift for friends and yourself. Write: Buy-Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, NY 19, NY.

FOR THE MEN

DON'T wet car to wash it. Hear neighbors ask how you keep your car so shiny clean! Wipe off Dry on nice days with $2 KozaK Auto Dry Wash cloth. Takes only minutes. Hose-wash only 2-3 times year if at all. KozaK safely wipes even dirtiest cars to proud beauty, higher trade-ins. Used for 30 years by over 10 million careful buyers like Cadillac owners. Guaranteed safe, easy, or money back. Let $2 return you fifty in car-wash savings! Mail $2 check or cash to KozaK, 457 S. Lyon St., Batavia, N. Y. Super $3 KozaK lasts 4 times longer.

MEN'S Suits. Nothing like it in America. Year round gabardine. Blue, gray, tan, charcoal, brown. $18—2 for $35. 35c ea., ppd. 34-44. Regular, long, short. Money refunded. Trend Clothing Co., Box 1014, Baltimore 3, Md.

SUPERB double-edge blades—thin, blue, surgical steel—hollow ground, honed in oil. $1.89 per 100, pp. (Single edge, $2.00) My risk! Try 5. If not pleased, return the rest for full refund! W. S. Hall, 3727 N. Capitol, Indianapolis 8, Ind.

ETIQUETTE For Men—the most authoritative guide to good manners and good taste in business or pleasure—edited by Esquire to help you to smooth the way to happy and successful living. Only $5. Write: Esquire, PO Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, New York.

STATIONERY Styled for Men! Rich, distinctive. Box of 36 Monarch size letterheads and envelopes features steel engraved "Sportsman's" design. Extra-heavy (24 lb.) ivory bond, superlative ripple finish. Handsome, sturdy box. Special test offer: one box 89¢; 3 for $2; 6 for $3.50. All postpaid. Write: Stationery, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, NY 19, NY.

FOR GARDEN FANS

GROW Them Yourself—World's Finest Eating Onions—approx. 300 plants—100 ea. of 3 acclimated varieties—$1 ppd. Complete instructions. Send personal check or $1. Texas Plant Co., Farmersville, Texas—"Home of the Sweet Onion."

NEW Rain Gage accurately measures rainfall from .01 to 5 inches. Amateur weathermen get readings at a glance. A must for land owners, farmers, gardeners or just for a hobby. Indicates when to plant, when grass, vegetables, shrubs need extra watering. Precision instrument of lifetime plastic, complete with mounting bracket and 3 year rainfall chart, only $1. You must be pleased or your money back! Order Rain Gage by mail from Hoke Tool Works, Dept. C-5, Raeford, N. C.

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FOR THE HOME

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds—50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam, 429-K Central, E. Orange, N. J.

BLACK and brass wrought iron accessories for every room in the home. New item—"Hooky-12 to the Bar," $1.29, pp. Send for illustrated catalog. Bowann Products Co., Box 513, North Bellmore, L. I., N. Y.

ANTIQUES Collecting made easy through "Spinning Wheel" magazine every month. Highly illustrated, simplified texts help you identify, authenticate, evaluate popular antiques. Decorating hints, where to shop, show & exhibit dates. Send $3 for 1 yr.; $5—2 yrs.; to: Spinning Wheel, Taneytown C-3, Md.

GOODBYE to washing windows. Permanently activated cloth dissolves dirt, stains, window film, rust. Polishes crystal clear. Invisible smearproof discovery repels dirt, water, fog, steam; rain runs off without streaking. No rubbing. Polishes appliances. Rinses clean. Lasts months. Large Keithone Window Cloth only $1 ppd. 3 for $2. If C.O.D. postage extra. Money-back guarantee. Keith Chemical Co., Dept. 676-E, 2832 Niazuma Ave., Birmingham 5, Ala.

TELEVISION: We can ship at once any standard make set. RCA, Philco, Admiral, Zenith, Motorola, etc., at tremendous savings to you. All new in factory cartons, fully guaranteed. Send us name and model set you want, we will forward price and information by return mail. Wholesale Dist., 3116 North, Peoria, Ill.

OUTDOOR toilets, cesspools, septic tanks cleaned and deodorized amazing new way! Saves digging, pumping. Just mix dry powder with water and pour into unit. Billions of waste-consuming bacteria go to work to reduce mass, to eliminate odor, to return unit to odorless, free-flowing efficiency. 150,000 satisfied customers the world over! Completely safe and harmless. Try it yourself without risk for 30 days. Must work for you or costs nothing! Write for free details and amazing trial offer. Burson Laboratories, Dept. A-30, Chicago 22, Illinois.

YOUR portrait in a genuine oil painting copied from your favorite photo. 4 weeks delivery. Satisfaction guarantee. Any size photo on a 12x16 unframed canvas $45 C.O.D. For other sizes and inquiries, write Portraits, Box 452, Hibbing, Minn.

FOR HOMESITE BUYERS

FLORIDA Lot—$5 down. Full price only $99. Located on fabulous east coast near Daytona Beach. Streets, Electricity, Phones, Churches, Schools, Shopping. Near ocean and St. Johns river. World's best fishing! Write for Free photos. A. Leff, Box 826, Orange City, Florida.

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

TENTS (direct from manufacturer), camping equipment. World's largest selection. Send 15c for 120 page 1956 tent & camping equipment catalogue-handbook. Morsan Tents, 10-21L 50th Avenue, Long Island City 1, New York.

HAPPY dream home for lonesome retired couples, single ladies-gentlemen. Famous air conditioned bay front hotel amid the flowers and sunshine of fabulous Florida, now a home for Golden Agers, with new friends, new interests, happier living. Good food, every comfort, amazingly low cost to accepted friends, $25-$30 weekly. Write Friendly Faw, Monson Club Hotel, Desk 101, St. Augustine, Fla.

FOODS & DELICACIES

DELICIOUS Texas Pralines. Chuck full of pecan halves and other fine ingredients from a famous Southern recipe, blended into a symphony of mouth watering goodness. A candy confection with a tantalizing taste. Large 24 ounce box post paid $2.75. Nutty Brown Foods, Cedar Valley, Texas.

FOR HOBBYISTS

LEATHERCRAFT, metal enameling, beadcraft, shellcraft, metal tooling, textile painting, other crafts. Quality merchandise. Crafts are relaxing, fun, profitable! Free big illustrated catalog. Kit Kraft, Dept. BF-556, Studio City 1, Calif.

FOR PHOTO FANS

FILMS fine grain developed & enlarged. Free album. 8 Exposures 35c; 12 exp. 50c; 20 exp. 85c; 36 exp. $1.50; Enlarged reprints 4c ea. Write for free mailers. Fast service. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, Madison Sq. Sta., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

CHINACOLOR—Enlargements are "Finished like Fine Porcelain." Made from your color transparencies. Normal 3 day service. 2¼x3¼—25c. 3¼x4½—60c. 5x7—$1.25; 8x10—$2. "Chinacolor," 715-D Kennedy St., NW, Washington 11, D. C.

COLOR - PRINTS from Kodachrome, Ektachrome, Anscochrome color film. Highest quality fast service. Money back guarantee. 2¼x3¼—25¢; 4x5—50¢; 5x7—$1; 8x10—$2. Duplicate 35mm slides, 25¢. *Write for complete price list,* Colorfax Labs, 1160-0 Bonifant St., Silver Springs, Md.

FOR HOME MOVIE FANS

BEAUTIFUL fully titled Kodachrome movies of U. S. Nat'l Parks, Can., Alaska, Fla., Hawaii, historic shrines, weird underground caverns. 8mm. or 16mm. descriptive 150 subject catalog free. World in Color Productions, P. O. Box 392-C, Elmira, N.Y.

FOR SPORTS & OUTDOOR FANS

RED Light flash, fisherman's delight. A Lite Bob. "A bite—a lite—day or nite." Scientific and guar. lightweight fishing cork made of balsa wood that lights when fish bite. Price $3 delivered. Lite Bob Company, Dept. C-2, Marlin, Texas.

FOR DO-IT-YOURSELF FANS

PLAYHOUSE. Rugged as outdoor weather. Walk in, tots to teenage. Decorative schemes unlimited. Architect plan, material list, and do-it-yourself instructions. $1.00 postpaid. Francis H. Leggett, 8301 Beverly Bd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

LEARN Leathercraft, sell for big profits. Markets everywhere. Easy to make with the Tandy Process. Great Profits Possible. Make over 200 leather items. Write for Free Catalog. Tandy Leather Co., Box 791-S14, Ft. Worth, Texas.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN Contest Money. General Contest Bulletin gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine—25c. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

(*Continued on next page*)

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FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

115 STAMPS from all 5 continents including Airmails, Dead Countries, Pictorials, etc., value over $2.00, all for 10c to introduce our superb service of U.S. and Foreign Approvals to collectors. Globus Stamp, N. Y. 10, N. Y., Dept. 14.

FREE—Valuable North America Collection! Includes Greenland, Alaska, Confederate States Comm., Canada, Newfoundland. PLUS United States—ancient 19th century, gorgeous commemoratives, scarce Telegraph stamp. Many, many others! Send 10c for mailing expenses. Approvals. Kenmore, Milford E698, N. H.

CANADA-Newfoundland collection including early issues, commemoratives, pictorials and high values. Plus set of fascinating triangle stamps. Plus set of unused British Colonies. Plus large stamp book. All four offers free. Send 10c to cover postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada.

500 TREASURED Stamps All Different plus 13 stamps from the exciting Pirate Strongholds, Libya, Trinidad, Sudan, etc. Catalog value over $10. Yours for only 35¢. Approvals. Littleton Stamp Co., Littleton Q36, N. H.

TRAIN Wreck stamps—dramatic Cuban stamp set showing locomotive, cars derailed over steep embankment. Exciting complete set, only 10¢. Extraordinary approvals, free examination. Winthrop Stamp Co., Dept. O, Groton, Conn.

225 STAMPS for only 10c! This mammoth value includes airmails, pictorials; stamps from strange countries cataloging up to 25c each! Illustrated bargain list included free. Also approvals. Mystic Stamp Company, Camden 4, New York.

U. S. Classics-50-year old collection 15 selected old-timers, each 50 or more years old. Most of 'em missing in even the biggest Collection! Get all 15 for just 10¢ with approv. Jaro Stamp Co., Box 246-K, Church St. Annex, N. Y. 8, N. Y.

815 GUARANTEED all different World Wide Stamp Collection. Includes Triangles, Animals, Birds, Flags, Large Pictorials. Catalog Value Over $20 all for $1 to introduce approvals. Glasstetter, 216 Howard St., Pennhills, Pittsburgh 25, Pa.

NOVELTIES—HUMOR

FREE Catalog! 6500 Novelties, Tricks, Jokes, Magic, Costumes, Masks, Wigs, Theatrical Props, Curios, etc! "Smoke-Bombs" 25¢, 7 for $1.00; Fortune-Teller 10¢; Voice-Thrower 25¢; 40 Diff. Novelties $1.00! Arlane Mfrs., Philadelphia, 44.

BUSINESS & SPECIAL SERVICES

FINANCING & Loans. Real Estate, Industrial, Large Residential, New Construction Loans. Chattel loans on machinery, equipment, inventory. Refinancing and Rediscounting. Mortgages increased, extended and payments reduced. Balance Sheet Loans. Stock Issues arranged, also debentures and subordinated notes. Finance Co. affiliations arranged. Mergers negotiated. Sy Field, 1457 Broadway, New York City. Wisconsin 7-7395.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

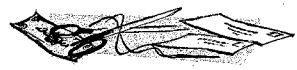
EARN At Home Opportunity with assignment we send. Possible for you to make $20-$50 weekly. Other self employment offers listed. Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed. Free Details: House Of Maxwell, Dept. 87-5, Wooster, Ohio.

MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, 1751 Morse, Dept. 199-S, Chicago 26, Illinois.

PART or full time. Your own business, selling name brand appliances, housewares, jewelry, tools, etc. No investment or inventory. Free catalog and confidential dealer price list. H. B. Davis Corp., Dept. A, 145 W. 15 St., N. Y., N. Y.

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11c brings back $2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room 25, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois.

EARN $240.00 a month at home in spare time doing only two $5 Invisible Reweaving jobs a day. Big money paid for this service that makes holes, cuts, tears disappear from all clothing and fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabricon, 8324 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Ill.



CHURCH Groups, Vets. Orgs., Jr. Chambers of Comm., Clubs, etc., possible to earn large extra profits selling 2000 Hour Long Life Light Bulbs. No risks, deposits. Write for details. Marvel Lamp, 307 Newark St., Hoboken, N. J.

START Big-Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room 25, Chicago 26, Ill.

MAKE Money with your camera. Amazing new low cost color enlargements can bring you hundreds of dollars in spare time. Nothing else like it! Send 10¢ for samples and surprising facts. Dept. C4A, Polypix Co., 723 S. Wells, Chicago 7, Ill.

MEN And Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room 25, Chicago 26, Illinois.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $5 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady year-round demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, Dept. BA, 8342-S Prairie, Chicago 19, Ill.

$1,000 MONTHLY possible Raising Earthworms! Backyard, Garage, Basement. Complete Illustrated Booklet explains raising, feeding, packing, marketing. 25c postpaid! Ozark Worm Farm-21, Willow Springs, Missouri.

TYPEWRITERS at special prices. Brand new portable typewriters as low as $54.50! Brand new office machines $130.00 and up. Write for complete list of machines and prices. The Typewriter Specialists, 5541 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago 36, Ill.

MAIL ORDER MERCHANTS: In the columns above, you can expose your products and services each month to over 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. Address inquiries to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. (Future closing dates: April 25 for July issue; May 25 for August issue.)

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BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Continued)

WOMEN: Need extra money? We train you for a dignified, unique semi-professional service. You earn from the start. No canvassing, no parties. Full or part time. Write Beauty Counselors, Box 57, Detroit 32, Michigan.

MAIL Order—advertising agency executive reveals sensational no-risk advertising and merchandise methods. Start in office or home—minimum capital—positive profits. Free details: Impact! 2108 Payne, Department 6-5, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-4, Chicago 32, Ill.

GROW Orchids at home—profitable—fascinating. Year 'round. Maine to Calif. No Greenhouse. Gorgeous Cattleyas, Cymbidiums, etc. Successful home grower shows you how. Free—Full details. Flowerland, 4622-A Wilshire, Los Angeles 5.

BE Your Own Boss. No investment, no inventory. Sell Name Brand appliances, jewelry, housewares, gifts, premiums. Free big colorful catalog and confidential price list. Write Conelle Products Co., Inc., Dept. 4, 343 W. 26 St. N.Y., N.Y.

ADVERTISING Book Matches—Easy to sell. No experience needed—full or part time. Cash commission. Union Label, all styles, sizes. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-456, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19.

BIG Money, new field, selling low priced, cigarette machines, juke boxes. "Direct" to service stations, taverns, diners, etc. Spot comm., no invest., full, spare time. Free kit, details. Economy Vending, Dept. CM-10, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

CHEMICAL Formulas. Start a profitable business. Manufacture needed items for resale or personal use. Every home or business a potential customer. All info. given, only $1.00. Kenwood Chemicals, Box 1025, Joplin, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS—PERSONAL

HIGHEST Cash Paid for Old Gold or Broken Jewelry, gold teeth, watches, rings, diamonds, silverware, spectacles, platinum, mercury. Write for Free Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rose Refiners, 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

HOME Sewers Wanted! Earn extra cash making ready-cut ties, experience unnecessary. No selling. We instruct. Part or full time opportunity. Free details: Jud-San, 518 E. 105, Dept. E-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

GETTYSBURG battle, complete story; 4 colors & guide map ref. for teacher & student. Also, authentic copy Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Both $1 ppd. "Gettysburg Authentics," Lincoln Room Museum, Lincoln Sq., Gettysburg, Pa.

PEN and ink sketch of home or camp, made and put on letter-paper for you. Or on Informals, Playing Cards, Napkins, Greetings, etc. Same idea for a friend makes a fine gift. Tifft, 572 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

ANALYSIS. Expert has new method for determining potentialities, hidden abilities, adaptability, character, human relations, etc., through handwriting. Invaluable for objective self-appraisal. Write A.M., 55 Sussex, Elmont L.I., N. Y.

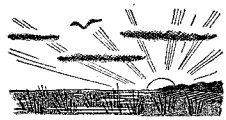
ARIZONA Peridots, tumbled, polished. August birthstone, beautiful yellow-green, classed as a precious stone, 10 for $1.00. Money back if not pleased. Luther L. Martin, Box 191, Parker, Ariz.

LITTLEST Bible Quiz! (1) Why did our Lord give so much importance to Love in Mat. 22: 36-40? (a) Do you think your church gives more importance to one teaching than to another? (b) If yes, please identify the teaching. We will send one dollar for what we think is the best short answer. Each month we will select a different winner. Include name, address, denomination. All answers will be treated confidentially and none returned. His Kingdom Come, Inc., Box 92, Glen Ridge, N. J.

(See School and College Directory on next page)

Last of His Breed

THE HEATH HEN became extinct in 1932. The last of the species was a male. Found in abundance back in the days when the Pilgrim fathers landed in New England, they had been systematically slaughtered until only this one male was left—the last of his kind on earth. He made his home in the tangle of scrub oak in the middle of Martha's Vineyard and every spring for several years he appeared in the same field on the outskirts of West Tisbury. Expeditions came from all over the country to see him. He would strut up and down, beat his wings and sound his mating call. But there wasn't another heath hen in existence to answer it.



He didn't show up in 1933. The presumption is that a hawk got him, or that he died of old age.

—RAY NELSON, *The Rod and Gun Club of the Air Scrap Book* (Greenberg)

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SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

COLLEGES AND JUNIOR COLLEGES

BRYANT College—Get a head start! Earn B.S. Degree in 2 yrs. Bus. admin., acctg., finance, retailing, advtg., administrative, medical sec'l. 1-yr. Sec'l Diploma. Coed. Lifetime placement. Appr. for Vets. Catalog. Dean, Providence 6, R. I.

EMERSON College—Radio, TV, drama, speech, speech and hearing therapy. Intensive courses in the liberal arts. B.A., B.S., M.A., M.S. degrees. Coed. Own TV studio, theatre, radio station. Dorms. 76th yr. Catalog. 130-C Beacon St., Boston 16, Mass.

AVERETT—Accredited Jr. College for girls. Transfer, terminal courses. Lib. arts, pre-professional. Mdsg., home ec., sec'l, med. sec'l. Piano, organ, voice. Sports, pool, gym. Small classes. Catalog. Curtis Bishop, 422 W. Main, Danville, Va.

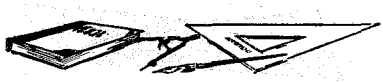
VIRGINIA INTERMONT—Girls. Fully accred. Jr. College; 2 yrs. H.S. Liberal Arts, Career courses. Music, Art, Drama, Radio, 2-yr. Nursing, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Secretarial. Incl. rate $1050. Catalog. R. L. Brantley, Box C, Bristol, Va.

BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

TILTON School—Thorough college preparation. Boys, grades 7-12. Builds character, responsibility, leadership. Small classes, understanding masters. New gym. Sports for all. Est. 1845. Catalog. J. Rolland Crompton, D. D., Hdm., Box A, Tilton, N. H.

BORDENTOWN Military Institute—Accredited college prep. Business, general. Aviation, ROTC. Boys taught how to study; remedial reading. Sports. Jr. School. 75th yr. Summer session. Catalog. Registrar, Box 345, Bordentown, N. J.

FARRAGUT—Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J.; St. Petersburg, Fla. Naval training. Sep. Jr. schools. Testing, guidance. Sports, bands. Summer camp, school. Catalog. Admiral Farragut Academy, Box CO, Toms River, N. J.



PEDDIE—Fully accredited. College preparatory. Boys, grades 6-12. Guidance; remedial reading; public speaking required. Sports. Jr. School—sep. dorm. Summer school. 91st year. Catalog. Dr. C. O. Morong. Hdm., Box Z, Hightstown, N.J.

PERKIOMEN—Boys taught how to study. Graduates in leading colleges. Noted for teaching reading techniques. Grades 7-12. Sports. Modern dorms. Near NYC, Phila. 82nd yr. Summer school. Catalog: S. D. Roberts, Hdm., Pennsburg, Pa.

AUGUSTA Military Academy—"The Friendly School." ROTC. Jr. & Sr. Divisions. Boys 8-20. Accredited. Graduates in leading colleges. All sports. Family owned since 1742. Rate $1250. Catalog. Col. C. S. Roller, Box X, Ft. Defiance, Va.

FORK UNION Military Academy—Our one subject plan in Upper School (grades 9-12) increased honor roll 50%. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. Sep. Jr. School, grades 4-8. 59th year. Catalog. Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 45, Fork Union, Va.

JUNIOR Military Academy—Boys 4-14. Kindergarten—8th grade. Family life, affectionate care. Enter any time. 12 month enrollment, summer camp. Moderate rate. 36th yr. Catalog. Maj. R. DeBerry, Box K, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

MARION Institute—115th yr. Accred. military Jr. College & 4-yr. college prep. in heart of Deep South. Sr. ROTC. Individual attention. Sports. Special prep. for Army, Navy, Air Force Academies. Viewbook. Registrar, Box T, Marion, Ala.

SEWANEE Military Academy—Div. Univ. of the So. Accred. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Boys Taught to Study. ROTC Highest Rating. Sports. 10,000 acres. Episcopal. 89th yr. Catalog. Col. Craig Alderman, Supt., Box T, Sewanee, Tenn.

TENNESSEE Military Institute—Boys planning to attend engineering schools, leading colleges need thorough preparation. Over 90% of graduates enter colleges. Grades 8-12. 83rd yr. Catalog. Col. C. R. Endsley, Box 20, Sweetwater, Tenn.

CULVER—On Lake Maxinkuckee. Develops initiative, self-reliance, courtesy. 8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. Accredited. Leadership training. Band. ROTC. All sports. Catalog. 512 Pershing Way, Culver, Ind.

HOWE Military—Accredited preparatory. Potential Achievement Rating gives individual goal. Jr. school. Sr. Basic ROTC. Sports. New dorms, pool. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Summer Camp. Catalog B.B. Bouton, 1656 Academy Pl., Howe, Ind.

KEMPER Military School—Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Accredited. Small classes. 8th grade, H.S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, horsemanship. 112th yr. Dir. of Adm. 1556 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

MORGAN PARK Military Academy—Superior academic program. Accred.; 90% enter college, Grades 4-12. ROTC: Cavalry, Band, Art, music, drama. Shop. Sports. 83rd yr. Catalog. Col. C. L. Jordan, Box 1656, Morgan Park, Chicago 43, Ill.

NORTHWESTERN Military & Naval Academy—College prep. Est. 1888. Accredited. 75 mi. Chicago. Avg. class 10. Fireproof bldgs. Mod. facils. Sr. ROTC. Basic. Sports. Summer Camp, Catalogs. 185 S. Lake Shore Rd., Lake Geneva, Wisc.

PILLSBURY Academy—Prepares boys for college or career. Accred. Grades 6-12. Small classes. Individual attention. Guidance. Sports; pool. Military training. 80th yr. Mod. cost. Catalog. Lloyd Holsinger, Box 397-T, Owatonna, Minn.

ST. JOHN'S Military Academy—Helps boys develop character. Fully accred. Grades 7-12. Conference-type classes; inspired teaching. ROTC highest rating. Sports. Summer Camp. Catalog. Dir. of Admissions. Box 1656 Delafield, Wisc.

WENTWORTH Military Academy—Thousands of business, professional leaders started here. 4-yr. H.S.; 2-yr. College. Accredited. Sr. ROTC. CAA flying. Sports. Summer school & Camp. 77th yr. Catalog. Col. Sellers, 456 Wash. Pl., Lexington, Mo.

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RADFORD School for Girls—Accredited college preparation in ideal year-'round climate. Open air classes. Music, art, drama, secretaryship, Sports, riding. Catalog. Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Prin., 4503 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.

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Note Worthy

NOTICE ON WALL of waitresses' dressing room in a California cafe: "Remember Good Service—Money Doesn't Grow on Trays."

—ROBERT A. DIEDRICH

A YOUNG MAN had the following inscribed on a cigarette lighter for his wife: "To my matchless wife."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

A MAN IN A CROWDED RESTAURANT found a seat in the corner and a waitress handed him a menu and left to take care of other customers. After a long interval she suddenly remembered the man in the corner and hurried over to take his order. He was gone, but propped against his water glass was this note: "OUT TO LUNCH."

—GRACE BARTER

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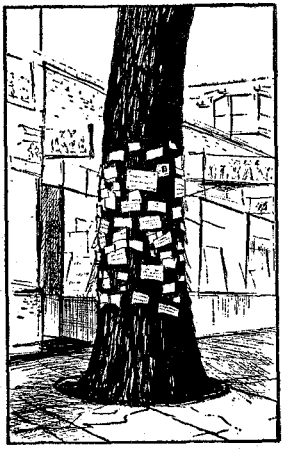

Chicago's Famous Tree

by JOHN KRILL

BACK IN 1915, the city of Chicago planted a slender whip of an elm in front of Woodworth's Book Store on 57th Street. The tree was no different from many others—yet a strange destiny awaited it.

The little sapling grew sturdily and reached a stately height and breadth and, 15 years ago, somebody tacked a bit of paper to its trunk. The message on the scrap of paper has long been forgotten. But from that moment, more and more messages and notices were tacked to its rough bark.

The idea was not planned, it simply filled a need. And soon the towering elm became known as "The Tree" or "Woodworth's Tree."

The bits of paper tacked to The Tree carry messages that are often humorous, sometimes tragic. Touching is this one: "Lost our five-month-old baby. Will give handmade clothing to mother of child same age." Or: "Lost money to pay for desperately-needed operation. Finder please return and give owner the gift of life."

In a lighter vein are these: "Desire room and board for duration of mother-in-law's stay." "Elderly woman for baby-sitting. For young boys who already know the difference."

Tacked to The Tree are announcements of things for sale or trade, places for rent and articles lost or found. The personnel of Woodworth's Book Store removes any purely commercial signs tacked to The Tree, reserving it for individual use. Mail addressed to The Tree is delivered to the book store, and so many letters are received that it, too, shares in the fame of the great elm.

The demand for space is tremendous, and there is always a crowd reading the latest postings or placing new ones.

So highly regarded is The Tree that only one act of vandalism has ever been committed against it. That was when a small boy, for reasons known only to himself, removed nearly all the notices.

People who have tried The Tree state that it does a better job than a newspaper advertisement, and the only cost is a bit of paper and a tack.

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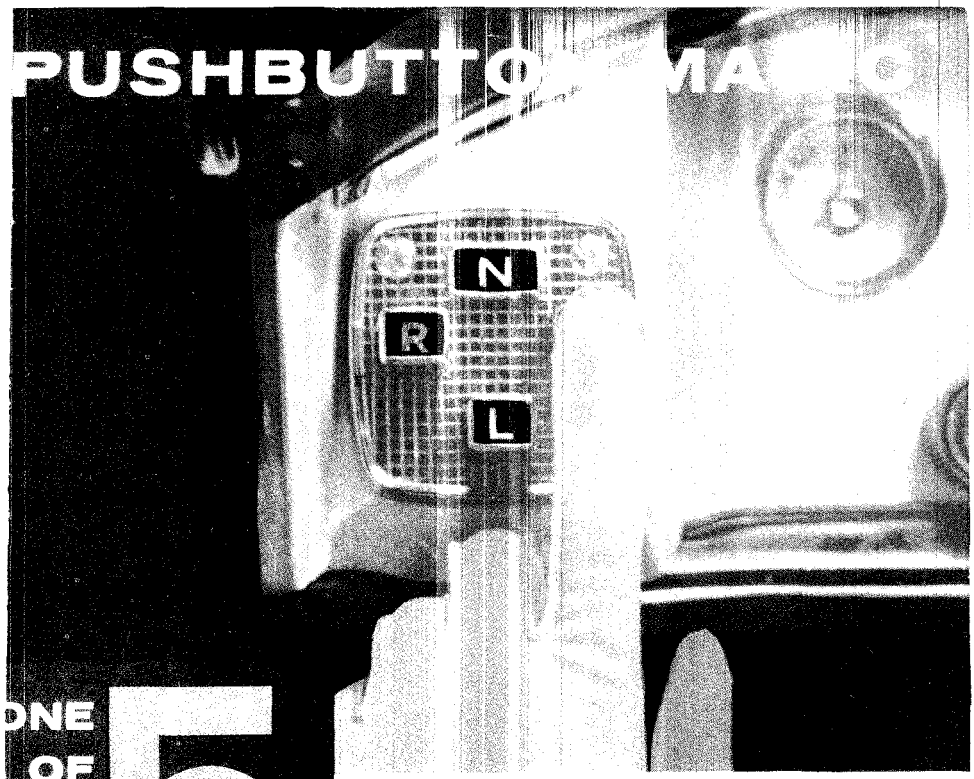

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3. TODAY'S FINEST BRAKES—for safer, smoother stopping; less resistance to fade; less pedal effort; far longer lining life!

4. AIRLINER-TYPE V-8 ENGINES—far less carbon build-up; more efficient power *longer!*

5. BRIGHTEST NEW DESIGN—THE FLIGHT-SWEEP—one bold stroke from headlight to upswept tail!

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The instant you apply Suave Hairdressing with its amazing greaseless lanolin, dryness is gone! Your hair is full of life . . . silky soft, bursting with highlights!

HAIR DULL . . . NO SHINE?

Your hair will really sparkle with new Suave! See how silky soft it becomes . . . with a radiant, healthy-looking glow! No oily shine with greaseless Suave.

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Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty oils shampooing takes out. Suave restores beauty, silkiness, manageability instantly. Not oily.

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After home permanents or too much sun, *quick* . . . apply Suave daily! See satin-softness, life and sparkle return. See how caressable your hair looks.

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